THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

☞ "Cabbage," says the Edinburg Review, "contains more muscle sustaining nutriment than any other vegetable." This probably accounts for the fact of their being so many athletic fellows among the tailors.

☞ "Didn't you say, sir, that this horse wouldn't shy before the fire of an enemy?" "No more he won't—it isn't till after the fire he shies."

☞ An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel; but declined on the plea that he did not wish to "lave his old mother an orphan."

☞ Cheap Money.—A gentleman lately arrived at New York with $14,000 in Southern money which he bought of a reb for five dollars!

☞ A woman in Ayr, Scotland, found in the centre of a potato a gold wedding ring, which the ambitious tuber must have enclosed in the process of growth. It probably was a "lady's finger" potato.

☞ In a country churchyard we find the epitaph—"Here lies the body of James Robinson and Ruth, his wife;" and underneath the text—"Their warfare is accomplished."

☞ A locomotive engineer fell asleep in his cab, last Thursday evening, at the North Adams round house, and started the machine in his dreams—carrying away the doors, and only stopping when he had cleared the village.

☞ When the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick-sighted do we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we remember words, or even looks of unkindness, which may have escaped us in our intercourse with them.

THE SURPRISE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

It is the trumpet's stern appeal!
It is the clash of steel on steel!
And see! yon red and lurid gleams
That flash upon our broken dreams!—
Is it the dawn? No, dreamer, no,
It is the lightning of the foe.
See where they charge down yonder steep!
Arise! or perish in your sleep!

Fly to your ranks! Haste, haste, and set
The keen and deadly bayonet!
What though their shots like hail-stones fall?
We'll send the traitors ball for ball.
They come! Be firm! Close up that gap!
Poor fellow, 'twas a sad mishap;
Right through the heart. My brother!—Well
'Twas in a holy cause he fell.

Lift the old flag and let them see
The stars that herald victory;
Shall the high honors of that flag
Bend to their vile secession rag?
No, no, by all that mortals prize,
The man that blenches now, he dies!
Oh, who so base could turn and fly
That can in freedom's harness die?

On, lads, and meet them with the steel!
See where the craven traitors wheel.
They break! They fly! The traitor band,
They dare not meet us hand to hand!
Upon us in our sleep they came,
Their line a living wall of flame;
But we awake they basely flee,
While freedom grasps the victory.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XIX.

THE WILL.

Sara Davenal, in her sick restlessness, was early in the breakfast-room. The disappointment touching her brother was weighing down her heart. Since the arrival of the unsatisfactory note the previous evening, she had felt a conviction similar to Dr. Davenal's, that Edward would *not* come. Neither had spoken of it to the other; great griefs cannot be talked of; and to Sara this was a grief inexpressible. It seemed that she would give half her remaining years of life for only one five minutes' interview with him.

If he came at all he would come to-day, Friday; and she got up hoping against hope; saying to herself aloud, in contradiction to the fear lying upon her heart, and which she *would not* glance at: "He will be sure to come; he will never embark on that long voyage without first coming. He will remember Richard's fate. For the time being, the eager anxiety too see him almost seemed to deaden that other trouble which lay within her—the trouble that had taken possession of her on the Sunday night, never again to quit its tenement.

"Is the post in?" asked Dr. Davenal, as he entered the breakfast room.

"No, it is not made," sharply replied Miss Davenal from her presiding place at the table. "Neal has but this minute brought in the urn. I am making it as quickly as I can."

"I asked whether the post was in, Bettina. Because if Edward is not coming I should think there'd be a letter from him."

Sara looked up eagerly. "Don't you hope he will come, papa? Don't you think he will?"

"Well, Sara, after his letter of last night, my hopes upon the point are not very strong."

"Oh, papa! I want to see him! I must see him before he sails."

"Hush, child!" She had spoken in a distressed tone, and her small white hands were trembling. "Agitating yourself will not bring him."

By-and-by the letters came in: two. Neal handed one to his master, the other to Sara. Both bore the same handwriting—Captain Davenal's. Sara, in her bitter disappointment, let hers lie by her plate untouched, but the doctor opened his.

Miss Bettina looked up. "Is he coming, Richard?"

THE INTERIOR OF A LONDON PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

Not less varied than the contents are the customers who frequent these London interiors. Pass into one of the West End shops, through the door below the three balls—the ancient badge of the Lombards—and note the plain, business like arrangements of the place, which looks like the counting-house of a city merchant, or a banking office in a country town. Gentlemanly looking men, of excellent manners and address, are in attendance, who politely attend to business; but standing in their place, a different picture is presented; in boxes, not much larger than coffins, are men and women carefully concealed from each other by sliding shutters, which project over the counter—a bright light, however, falls on each face, showing varied but mostly an anxious expression.

In those boxes may, at times, be seen the pale student, shrinking with shame, while offering his books; the decorated dandy, run short of change, hurriedly leaves his watch or ring; a widow sorrowfully deposits a few trinkets, the remains of former prosperity; the struggling tradesman, called to meet his rent or taxes, brings his watch or silver tea service; the confidential servants of poor gentlefolks, nay, even persons of quality, have ere now entered those boxes, and formed a portion of the strongly contrasted picture. There are also persons of a more humble and less pretending class, who solicit loans on ordinary articles.

If pawnbrokers were makers of books, they might produce some curious volumes. This is not their vocation; but they are shrewd and clever at business. Stored with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of knowledge as to the value of commodities in both their raw and manufactured state, the pawnbroker generally does not take much note of individuals; he watches the markets; considers the effect of strikes and hard times on the value of goods; the changes of the fashions of both male and female dress; jewelry and furniture; he can judge of the purity of diamonds and other precious stones, metals, &c.

"No. He says he can't come. That it is an impossibility."

"What else does he say?"

Dr. Davenal folded his letter and put it in his pocket, to read at his leisure. "Ask Sara what he says," was his answer. "All the gossip is in here."

"And this is what he calls affection," exclaimed Miss Bettina. "To leave his native land, his home, without a farewell! That's gratitude! Richard Davenal, were I you, he should carry out my displeasure with him."

"I don't know," said the doctor, his voice sadly subdued. "Send out displeasure with one whom we may never see again! No, Bettina. And it may be as he says—that he is unable to come."

He was looking straight before him as he spoke it, in a far-off, dreamy gaze. His thoughts had flown to one who had gone out under a sort of displeasure, gone out but for a short time—and had never come home again.

The doctor in his black attire stepped into his close carriage at the appointed time to be conveyed to the residence of Lady Oswald. He found all the mourners assembled, for he was late, with the exception of Mark Cray. Sir Philip Oswald and his eldest son; Oswald Cray; the Reverend Mr. Stevenson and his brother Mr. Joseph Stevenson. All were there, now the doctor had come, except Mark. The funeral was to be at the church at eleven.

The time went on. The hearse and mourning coaches stood before the door, the horses restless. It was close upon eleven.

"For whom do we wait?" inquired Sir Philip Oswald.

"For Mr. Cray, Sir Philip," answered the undertaker, who was gliding about, handing gloves and fixing hatbands.

"Mr. Cray?" repeated Sir Philip, as though he did not understand who Mr. Cray was.

"Lady Oswald's late medical attendant, Sir Philip, in conjunction with Dr. Davenal."

"Oh—ah—yes," said Sir Philip. He was very friendly with Dr. Davenal, exceedingly so; and, as the doctor's partner, condescended not to ignore Mr. Cray. It was the first time that Oswald had ever been in a room with Sir Philip. Sir Philip had bowed to him coldly enough upon his entrance, but the son, Henry Oswald, went up to him and held out his hand in a cordial manner. Oswald, haughtily self-possessed, stood before Sir Philip with his impassive face; looking more of a gentleman than the baronet did.

The clock struck eleven.

"I suppose Mr. Cray *is* coming?" remarked Sir Philip.

He looked at Dr. Davenal. The doctor supposed he was coming as a matter of course; he believed he was coming. He had not seen Mr. Cray that morning.

It was suggested by the undertaker that they should proceed. Mr. Cray, he observed, would possibly join them at the church; he might have been kept back unexpectedly.

So the funeral started. All that remained of poor Lady Oswald was carried out of her house, never more to return to it. Not a week ago yet, on that past Saturday morning, she had gone forth in health and strength, and now—there! What a lesson it told of the uncertainty of life!

The funeral made its way through lines of curious gazers to the church. Mark Cray was not there, and the service was performed without him. At its conclusion the gentlemen returned to the house.

A lawyer from a neighboring town, Lady Oswald's legal adviser, was there with the will, and they were invited to enter and hear the will read.

"It cannot concern me," remarked Sir Philip. Nevertheless he went in.

"And I am sure it cannot concern me," added Oswad.

The clergyman looked up with a crimson hectic on his cheek. It was next to impossible to mistake his eager glance—betraying the hope within him, sure and steadfast, that it did concern him. In point of fact he, and that gentleman by his side, his brother, had the chief right to any money she might have left. It may be said the sole right. How they needed it, their threadbare clothes and sunken cheeks betrayed. Gentlemen born, they had to keep up an appearance before the world; at least, they strove to keep it. But they were weary with the struggle. The brother was of no particular profession. He had been reared for the church and could never get to college, and he contrived to make a living—that is, he contrived not to starve—by writing articles for any paper or periodical that could be persuaded into taking them. Each was of good repute in the world, bearing up manfully and doing the best he could do with his lot, sanguinely hoping, humbly trusting that time would better it. Each had a large family, by whom he was indulging the vain and wild hope to bring up gentlemen, as he had been brought up. Not as gentlemen in the matter of abstaining from labor; that would have been foolish; everybody works now; but they hoped to bring them up educated men, capable of doing their duty in any walk they might be called to of life. How they had looked forward to the prospect of sometime possessing this money of Lady Oswald's, their hearts alone knew. If ever the excuse for cherishing such a wish could be pleaded, it surely might be by them.

"I suppose these people, the Stephensons, will chiefly inherit what she has left," whispered the baronet's son confidentially to Oswald Cray. "Perhaps you know. You have seen a good deal of Lady Oswald, I believe."

"I don't at all know how her affairs are left," was the reply of Oswald Cray.

"I should think they will inherit," continued Mr. Oswald. "Shouldn't you?"

"I should think—yes—I—should think they will. Being her only relatives, they have undoubtedly the greatest right."

Why did Oswald Cray hesitate in his answer?—he so generally decisive of speech. Because in the very moment that the acquiescence was leaving his lips there flashed over his mind the words spoken to him by Lady Oswald the previous Saturday. He had not understood those words at the time, did not understand them now; but if he could interpret them at all they certainly did not point to her nephews, the brothers Stephenson. He remembered them well; at least their substance. "When my will comes to be read, you may feel surprised at its contents. You may deem that you had more legal claim upon me than he who will inherit; I do not think so. He to whom my money is left has most claim in my judgment; I am happy to know that he will be rewarded, and he knows it."

Not a week ago! not a week ago that she had said it. How little did Oswald foresee that he should so soon be called upon to hear that will read!

But still the words did not seem to point to either of her nephews, with whom she had not lived on any terms of friendship, and Oswald began to feel a little curious as to the inheritor.

They were waiting for the lawyer, who had not yet come into the room. He might be getting the will. His name was Wedderburn, a stout man with a pimpled face. Sir Philip Oswald had a pimpled face too; but he was not stout; he was as thin and as tall as a lath.

Dr. Davenal took out his watch. He found it later than he thought, and turned to Sir Philip.

"I cannot remain longer," he said. "I have a consultation at half-past twelve, and must not miss it. I am not wanted here; there's nothing for me to stay for; so I'll wish you good-morning."

"For that matter, I don't see that any of us are wanted," responded Sir Philip. "I'm sure I am not. Good-morning, doctor."

Nodding his salutation to the room generally, the doctor went out. Soon afterwards Mr. Wedderburn made his appearance, the will in his hand, which he prepared to read. Clearing his voice, he threw his eyes round the room, as if to see that his audience were ready. The absence of one appeared then to strike him, and he pushed his spectacles to the top of his brow and gazed again.

"Where's Dr. Davenal?"

"He is gone," replied Sir Philip Oswald.

"Gone!" repeated the lawyer, in consternation. "Why—he—Dr. Davenal should have stopped, of all people."

"He said he had a consultation. What does it signify?"

"Well, Sir Philip, he—at anyrate, I suppose there's no help for it now. It must be read without him."

Not one present but looked at the lawyer with surprise, not one but thought him a strangely punctilious man to suppose Dr Davenal's presence, as Lady Oswald's medical man and attendant at her funeral, was in any degree essential to the reading of Lady Oswald's will. They soon learned the cause.

First of all the will bequeathed a few legacies. Very small ones. Twenty pounds to each of her servants; forty pounds and all her clothes to Parkins; fifty pounds each to her nephews John and Joseph Stephenson, with the furniture of her house to be divided between them "amicably;" a beautiful diamond ring and a little plate to Oswald Oswald Cray; the rest of the plate, by far the most valuable portion, to Sir Philip Oswald of Thorndyke; and another diamond ring to Dr. Richard Davenal. So far, so good: but now came the disposal of the bulk of her money. It was bequeathed, the whole of it to Dr. Davenal, "my faithful friend and medical attendant for so many years."

The will was remarkably short, taking but a few minutes in the reading: and at its conclusion Mr. Wedderburn laid it open on the table that anybody might look at it who chose.

It would be difficult to say which of the countenances around him exhibited the greatest surprise. The lawyer's voice died away in a deep silence. It was broken by the clergyman, the Reverend John Stephenson.

"It is not just! It is not just!"

The wailing tone, not of passion or anger but of meek despair, struck upon them all, and told how bitter was the disappointment. Every heart in the room echoed the cry, the lawyer's probably excepted. Lawyers, as a whole, don't think much of justice. This one took out his snuff-box and inhaled a pinch with equanimity.

"I am ready to answer questions, should any gentleman wish to put them. It was Lady Oswald's desire that I should. When this will was made, she said to me 'Some of them will be for making a fuss, Wedderburn: you can explain my motives if they care to hear them.' Those motives lay in this: her ladyship knew her health and comfort to have been so materially benefited of late years by the skill and kindness of Dr. Davenal, that she considered it her duty in gratitude to reward him."

"Nevertheless it is not just," murmured the poor clergyman again. Dr. Davenal does not want the money as we want it."

Oswald Cray awoke as from a dream. He took a step forward and addressed the lawyer:

"Did Dr. Davenal know that the money was left to him?"

"I am unable to say, sir. Lady Oswald may have told him, or she may not. He did not know it from me."

Oswald Cray said no more. He leaned against the window, half hidden by the curtain, and plunged into thought.

"Well, I must say I am surprised," remarked Sir Philip. "Not but that Lady Oswald had a perfect right to do as she pleased with her money, and she might have signalled out a less worthy man as inheritor. How much is the amount, Mr. Wedderburn? Do you know."

"Somewhere between six and seven thousand pounds, I believe, Sir Philip. It would have been considerably more, but that her ladyship, a few years ago, was persuaded by an evil counsellor, to sell out a large sum from the funds and invest elsewhere, for the sake of better interest."

"And she lost it?"

"Every shilling," replied the lawyer, with satisfaction: for it was done without his concurrence. "She would have had double the money to leave behind her but for that."

"Ah!" Sir Philip spoke the monosyllable shortly, and dropped the point. Not so very long ago, *he* had been seduced to invest money in some grand and very plausible scheme—one of those to be heard of daily, promising a fortune in twelve months at the least—and he had burnt his fingers. The topic, consequently, was not palatable to his ears.

"Ask him how long this will has been made, John," whispered the literary man to his brother. Of a retiring, timid nature himself, he rarely spoke but when he was obliged, and he shrank from putting the question. The clergyman obeyed, and the lawyer pointed to the date of the will.

"Only in April last. Lady Oswald was fond of making wills. Some people are so. I have made her, I should think, half-a-dozen, if I have made one."

"And the bulk of the money was always left to Dr. Davenal?"

"Oh dear no. It never was left to him until this last was made."

"Was I—were we—was it ever left to us?" asked the poor clergyman, tremblingly.

"Yes it was," replied Mr. Wedderburn. "I don't see why I should not avow it. It can't make any difference, one way or the other. In the first will she ever made after Sir John's death it was left to you. And in the last will preceding this, it was again left to you. Once it was left—" the lawyer looked towards the window—"to Mr. Oswald Cray."

Oswald gave his shoulders a haughty shrug.

"I should never have accepted the

legacy," he said in a distinct, deliberate tone. "I had no claim whatever to Lady Oswald's money, and should not have taken it."

Henry Oswald laughed; a pleasant, cordial laugh as he turned to Oswald.

"You don't know, Mr. Oswald Cray. We are all so ready to be chivalrous in theory: but when it comes to practice—the best of us are apt to fall off."

"True," quietly remarked Oswald: but he did not pursue the theme.

There was nothing more to be said or done then. Of what profit to remain talking of the wills that had been, while the present one was before them and must be put in force? Sir Philip made the first move; he went out, taking a formal leave; Henry Oswald, with a more cordial one. Oswald Cray was the next to leave. He shook hands with the brothers, and spoke a few kind words of sympathy for their disappointment.

"It is the disappointment of a life," replied the clergyman in a low tone. "Our struggle has been continued long; and we had—there's no denying it—looked forward to this. It is a hard trial when relatives find themselves passed over for strangers."

"It is, it is," said Oswald Cray. "I could wish Lady Oswald had been more mindful of legitimate claims."

As he was going out, Parkins waylaid him in her new mourning.

"There will be a dinner ready at five o'clock, sir. Would you be pleased to stay for it?"

"Not to day," replied Oswald.

PART XX.

NEAL'S VISIT.

Causing the sweeping crape to be taken from his hat, for he preferred to depart on foot, Oswald Cray proceeded through the town to the house of his brother. Just as he reached the door, Mark rode up on horseback, and leaped off with a hasty spring, throwing his bridle to the man who waited.

"Of course I am too late!" he exclaimed.

"Of course you are, by pretty near two hours. How did it happen, Mark?"

"Well—I can hardly tell how it happened," was the answer of Mark. "I had a patient to see in the country—more than one, in fact—and I thought I could do it all first and be back in time. But I suppose I must have stayed later than I purposed, for before I was ready to return I found it was half-past eleven, and the funeral no doubt over. And then I did not hurry myself."

They were walking across the hall to the dining-room as he said this. Caroline was seated at the table, her work-box before her, doing some embroidery. She flung it down, rose, and confronted her husband.

"Mark, why did you do this? You went into the country to avoid the funeral!"

"I—I did what?" exclaimed Mark. "Nonsense, Carrie! Why should I wish to avoid the funeral? I have attended plenty of funerals in my time."

Oswald turned quickly and looked at Mark. It was not the accusation of Mrs. Cray that had aroused his attention, *that* went for nothing; but something peculiar in Mark's tone as he answered it. To Oswald's ears it spoke of evasion. He could not see his face. It was bent, and he was slapping his dusty boots with his riding whip.

"But why DID you go into the country?" pursued Caroline. "It was half-past ten when you were here, and I warned you then it was getting time to dress. When I saw your horse brought to the door and you gallop off on him, I could not believe my eyes."

"Well, I mistook the time, that's the fact. I am very sorry for it, but it can't be helped now. Of course I should like to have attended and paid her my last respects, poor lady. Not but that I dare say there were enough without me. I was not missed."

"But you were missed," said Oswald, "and waited for too. It threw us pretty nearly half-an-hour behindhand. I should not like to keep a funeral waiting, myself, Mark."

"Who was there?" asked Mark.

"The two relatives of Lady Oswald, Sir Philip and his son, Dr. Davenal and myself."

"Davenal was there, then. But of course he would be. Then he served to do duty for me and himself. And so Sir Philip came!"

"I should be surprised had he not come."

"Should you! He is a cranky sort of gentleman: an Oswald all over. You are another of them, Oswald. I wonder if you'll get cranky in your old age."

"Don't listen to him, Oswald," interposed Mrs. Cray. "He seems 'cranky' himself this morning."

Mark laughed good humoredly, and tossed a late China rose to Caroline which he had brought home in his button-hole.

"Did you hear the will read, Oswald?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Short and sweet!" cried Mark, alluding to the monosyllable, which it must be confessed was given in a curt, displeased tone, as if its speaker were himself displeased. "I think it is you who are cranky, Oswald."

Oswald smiled. "A thought was causing me vexation, Mark."

"Vexation at me?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, and who comes in for the money? The Stephensons?"

"No. The Stephensons come in for a very poor portion. It is left to Dr. Davenal."

"To Dr. Davenal!" echoed Mark in his astonishment. "No!"

"The bulk of the money is bequeathed to him. All of it, in fact, with the exception of a few trifling legacies. The Stephensons have fifty pounds each and the furniture."

Caroline had dropped her embroidery again and was gazing at Oswald, apparently unable to take in the news.

"Are you telling us this for a joke?" she asked.

"The money is left to Dr. Davenal, Mrs. Cray," repeated Oswald, and certainly there was no sound of joking in his tone. "It surprised us all."

"What a lucky man!" exclaimed Mark. "I wonder if he had any prevision of this yesterday? We were speaking of money, he and I. It was about that field behind the doctor's stables, the one he has so long wanted to buy. The owner's dead, and it is for sale at last. I observed to the doctor that I supposed he'd secure it at once, but he said he should not buy it at all; he had had a heavy loss, and could not afford it—"

"It is not true, Mark!" interrupted his wife.

"It is true, Caroline. But don't you go and repeat it again. He said, moreover, he had great need himself of a thousand or two, and did not know where to turn to for it. Mind you, I believe he was betrayed as it were out of the avowal, I had been saying so much about the field: for he brought himself suddenly up as though recollection had come to him, and said, 'Don't talk of this, Mark!'"

And Mark's long tongue *had* talked of it! Oswald Cray listened to its every word.

"If he could but have foreseen then that this money had dropped to him! And yet—I should think he must have known it from Lady Oswald; or partially known it. How much is it, Oswald?"

"Six or seven thousand pounds. It would have been a great deal more but for certain losses. Wedderburn said she was persuaded to embark money in some speculation; and it failed."

"How stupid of her!" exclaimed free Mark. "I wonder now whether the doctor did know of this? If he did he'd keep his own counsel. Did he appear surprised, Oswald?"

"He was not there. He left before the will was read, saying he had to attend a consultation."

"Well, so he had," said Mark; "I happen to know that much. It was for half past twelve."

So far, then, Dr. Davenal had spoken truth. A doubt had been crossing Oswald's mind, amidst many other curious doubts, whether Dr. Davenal had made the excuse to get away, and so avoid hearing the will read and himself named chief legatee.

He remained some time with Mark and his wife. They asked him to stay for dinner, but he declined. He had ordered a chop to be ready at the Apple Tree, and was going back to London early in the evening—by that seven o'clock train you have before heard of.

"Had you any particular motive for absenting yourself from Lady Oswald's funeral?" he asked of Mark, as the latter accompanied him to the street-door on his departure.

"Not I," answered Mark, with the most apparent readiness. "It was very bungling of me to mistake the time. Not that I like attending funerals as a matter of taste: I don't know who does. Good afternoon, Oswald. You must give us a longer visit when you are down next."

He stood at the abbey-door, watching his brother wind round the branching rails, for Oswald was taking the station on his way to his inn. Very cleverly, in Mark's own opinion, had he parried the questions of his purposed absence. His absence *was* purposed. With that chloroform on his conscience he did not care to attend the funeral of Lady Oswald.

And the afternoon went on.

It was growing dusk, was turned half past six, and Oswald Cray was beginning to think it time to make ready for his departure. He had not stirred from the chair where he eat his dinner, though the meal was over long ago; had not called for lights; had, in fact, waved John Hamos away when he would have appeared with them. His whole range of thought was absorbed by one topic—his doubts of Dr. Davenal.

Yes, it is of no use to deny it; it had come to that with Oswald Cray—doubts. Doubts he scarcely knew of what or to what extent; he scarcely knew where these doubts or his own thoughts were carrying him. On the previous night he had for a few moments given the reins to imagination; had allowed himself to suppose, for argument's sake only, that Dr. Davenal had given that chloroform knowing or fancying it might prove fatal, and he had gone so far as to ask what then could be his motive. There was no motive; Oswald glanced on each side of him to every point and could discover no motive whatever, or appearance of motive. Therefore he had thrust the doubts from him, as wanting foundation.

But had the revelations of this day supplied the link that was wanting? Had they *not* supplied it? *The death of Lady Oswald brought a fortune to Dr. Davenal.*

Almost hating himself for pursuing these thoughts, or rather for the obligation to pursue them, for they *would* haunt him and he could not help himself, Oswald Cray sat on in the fading light. He said to himself, how absurd, nay, how wicked it was of him, and yet he could not shake them off. The more he strove to do so, the more he brought reason to his aid, telling him that Dr. Davenal was a good and honorable and upright man, as he had always believed, the less would reason hold the mastery. Imagination was all too present in its most vivid coloring, and it was chaining him to its will.

What were the simple facts? asked reason. Dr. Davenal had caused Lady Oswald to inhale chloroform, having only some hours previously avowed to Oswald his belief that she was a most unfit subject for it, was one of those few to whom the drug proves fatal. It did prove fatal. There had next been some equivocation on the part of Mark, when questioned about it, and there had been the positive refusal of Dr. Davenal to afford any explanation. Next there had been the discovery of the day—that Dr. Davenal was the inheritor. Well, it might all be explained away, reason said; it was certainly not enough to attribute to Davenal the worst social crime contained in the Decalogue. But the more Oswald Cray dwelt on this view, or tried to dwell upon it, the more persistently rose up imagination, torturing and twisting facts, and bending them as it pleased.

There had been that hint of Neal's, too! Oswald Cray honestly believed that Neal was one of those servants incapable of speaking ill for ill's sake; and he could not help wondering what he meant. Neal was not an ignorant man likely to be deceived, to take up fancies: he was of superior intelligence, quite an educated man for his class of life. If—

Oswald's thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of his landlord. "I don't want lights, John; I told you I did not. I shall be going directly."

"It is not lights, sir. Mr. Neal, Dr. Davenal's servant, is asking to see you."

"Neal! Let him come in."

Neal came forward into the dusky room. He was the bearer of a note from his master. Oswald had a light brought in then, and opened it. It was written in pencil.

"MY DEAR MR. OSWALD CRAY,

"I very much wish to see you if you can spare me an hour. I thought perhaps you would have dropped in this lonely day and taken a knife and fork with us. Will you come down this evening?

"Ever sincerely yours,

"RICHARD DAVENAL."

"Neal, will you tell Dr. Davenal—he is expecting me, I find?"

"I think so, sir. He said to me before dinner that he thought you might be coming in. When he found you did not, and they were sitting down to table, he wrote this in pencil, and bade me call one of the maids to wait, while I brought it up to you."

"Tell the doctor that I am quite unable to come down. I have to return to London by the seven-o'clock train."

"Very well, sir."

Neal was leaving the room, but Mr. Oswald Cray stopped him. He had taken a sudden resolution, and he spoke on the spur of the moment, without reflection. The perplexity of his mind may be his excuse.

"Neal, have you any objection to tell me what you meant last night by hinting that Lady Oswald had not come fairly by her death?"

Neal paused. He was a man of caution; he liked to calculate his words and his ways before entering on them. Neal would certainly speak if he dared. He was in a very bitter mood, for the day's doings had not pleased him. The news had reached him that her ladyship's money had been all left to Dr. Davenal; that he, Neal, was not so much as named in the will. And Neal had looked forward as confidently as had the Reverend Mr. Stephenson to the hope of some little remembrance being left to him. In his terrible anger it seemed to him that the one enemy to prevent it had been the great inheritor, Dr. Davenal.

"Sir, if I speak, would you give me your promise first, to hold what I say sacred to yourself; to let it go no further? I know, sir, it is not the place of a servant to ask this confidence of a gentleman, but I should be afraid to speak without it."

"I will give it you," said Mr. Oswald Cray. "You may rely upon me."

And Neal knew that if there was one man more than another on the face of the earth who would never forfeit his word, upon whom implicit trust might be placed, it was Oswald Cray. Neal set himself to his task. First of all opening the door to make sure they were entirely alone, he dropped his voice to a safe whisper, and described what he had seen and heard on the Sunday night. It was certainly a startling narration, and as Oswald Cray listened to it in that darkened room,—for the one candle, now placed on a side-table behind, only served to throw out its shadows,—listened to the hushed tones, the unexplainable words, a curious feeling of dread began to creep over him. Neal, you may be very sure, did not disclose anything that could bear against himself; he contrived to come out well in it. He was standing outside for a moment before going to bed, hoping the air would remove the sad headache which had suddenly seized him upon hearing of the death of his late lady, when he saw the man come in in the extraordinary manner he had just described. Believing him to be nothing less than a housebreaker (and Watton, who had seen the man from her room up-stairs, had come to the same conclusion,) or an evil character of some sort getting in plausibly on false pretences to work harm to Dr. Davenal, he had gone to the window to look in, out of his anxiety for his master's safety, and there had heard what he had stated, for the window was thrown open. He could not see the visitor, who was seated in the shade: he only heard sufficient to tell him that the business he had come on was Lady Oswald's death; and he heard Dr. Davenal acknowledge that it was murder, and that it must be hushed up at any price, even if it cost him his fortune. He, Neal, described the utterly prostrate condition of his master that night; both before and after the interview with the visitor, he was like one who has some dreadful secret upon the mind, some heavy guilt; Neal had thought so, before ever the man, whoever he might have been, entered the house.

Will it be forgiven to Oswald Cray if in that brief, confused moment he believed the worst—believed all that Neal said to him? His mind was in a chaos of perplexity, almost, it may be said, of terror. Nothing was clear. He could not analyze, he could not reason: Neal's words, and the doings of the night which the man was describing, seemed to dance before his mind in confused forms, ever changing, as do the bits of colored glass in a kaleidescope. Neal continued to speak, but he did not hear him distinctly now; the words reached his senses certainly, but more as if he were in a mazy dream. He heard the man reiterate that wherever it was his master had gone to, that night, remaining away until the Wednesday, it was connected with the death of Lady Oswald; he heard him say that, whatever the mystery and the guilt, Miss Sara Davenal had been made the confidant of it by her father, he, Neal, supposed from some imperative motive which he did not pretend to understand. Oswald heard like one in a dream, the words partially glancing off his mind even as they were spoken, only to be recalled afterwards with redoubled force.

In the midst of it he suddenly looked at his watch, suspecting—as he found—that he had barely time to catch the train.

And he went out in a sort of blind confusion, his brain echoing the words of Dr. Davenal, only too accurately remembered and repeated by Neal. "Murder? Yes, the world would look upon it as such. I felt certain that Lady Oswald was one to whom chloroform, if administered, would prove fatal." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ BEST TIME TO PAINT HOUSES.—Experiments have indicated that paint on surfaces exposed to the sun, will be much more durable if applied in Autumn or Spring, than if put on during hot weather. In cool weather it dries slowly, forms a hard glossy coat, tough like glass, while if applied in warm weather, the oil strikes into the wood, leaving the paint so dry that it is rapidly beaten off by rains.

☞ The Philadelphia press says that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has already procured, by way of a beginning, one hundred and fifty tons of rails made wholly of cast steel, and it is also giving trial to the steel capped rails. This may be the beginning of a revolution which is destined to do more to improve railways and railway travelling than any other of recent date. The steel used is probably that made by the Bessemer process, and if so, will be about one-third cheaper than steel made in the old way.

☞ Mr. G. Mulhall, editor of the Buenos Ayres Standard, is in Paraguay, inspecting the cotton plantations, which are in the most promising condition. He says that in Paraguay there are about 7,000,000 of plants in the very best condition. His tour through the plantations in Corrientes convinced him of the fact that with the very slightest efforts cotton on a large scale can be grown in that province.

☞ A good story is told of an Irishman who went to see the gorilla in a cabinet of Amherst College. Not knowing the difference between that animal and the guerrilla he remarked on seeing it, "Saint Patrick! if they have got such soldiers as that off South, I ain't going to war."

☞ "What is polygamy?" asked Ike, who stumbled over the word in a paper. Mrs. Partington looked severe. "Polygamy," said she, "is when men have an ad libertine privilege of marrying a pleurisy of wives. God bless 'em, when they can't take care of one as she ought to be, with cotton flannel forty cents a yard, and flour at fabulous prices." Ike was satisfied, and immersed himself in a notice of Hassam's skates.

☞ Hail-stones sometimes fall with a velocity of 113 feet in a second, and rain at 43 feet in a second.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

TIGHT LACING.

One of the strongest arguments against tight lacing, as many lady readers will acknowledge, is that contained in the following paragraph:

The two most frequent causes of red nose are tight lacing and indigestion. Tight lacing is often conducive to indigestion, and a red nose in a lady is the outward and visible sign of both. A young friend of mine, having read that a certain Empress's waistband or belt was only eighteen inches, fired with a desire to copy such an example, began to try to reduce her pretty little round waist to the orthodox royal size. I do not know the means used, but I saw the effects produced; the waist became beautifully less, the nose grew (anything but beautifully) red. Clara became alarmed; a medical man was consulted—he was one of Mr. Buckland's sort, frank and outspoken. The lady was told the truth; a slender waist of eighteen inches and a white nose were not compatible. She was not a fool; tight lacing was given up, health restored, and her nose regained its proper natural hue.

Now for another and a gentleman's peculiar objection to tight lacing. We object to it because it destroys the pleasure of putting your arm around a wife's or sweetheart's waist. Instead of the soft and warm and yielding waist that nature has provided for masculine delight, you have a hard, cold, irresponsive corset. For our part, we would about as lief clasp a boarding fence as one of those tight-laced ladies.

It has been said of late that the Empress of Austria's waist was a very small one—thirteen inches round, some aver—and if it be true, all we have to say is, the worse then for the Empress and her children. We remember to have once seen a waist probably almost as much deformed. The lady was walking one Sunday morning through the streets of this city. We acknowledge that she attracted a great deal of attention—nearly every person, as she passed, stopping to look after her. But this attention was by no means of a flattering character. Whether her little waist was really the product of her own art, or her ancestors' folly, it was evident that the beholders thought it was the former; and the contempt expressed by every face, and which in many instances was seconded by sarcastic speeches, made by one passer-by to another, would have overwhelmed the young lady could she have seen and heard it. As it was, she sailed affectedly along as if she were exciting the greatest admiration—leaving a long wake of derision behind her.

The truth is, that smallness of the waist may be a deformity, the same as smallness of the nose or shortness of the limbs. The celebrated statues—such as Power's Eve and Greek Slave—of which photographs fortunately are now so common—show the true line of beauty in the waist. And to make the waist smaller, and the curve greater, is simply to approach deformity of person.

SPECULATION.

We copy the following from a New York paper. If it be correct, it contains a warning much needed in these times of excessive speculation:—

Some years ago there was a man in Wall street, New York, a stock-broker, who seemed as important a man in moneyed circles in those days as Nicholas Biddle, the President of the United States bank, was in Philadelphia. This was Jacob Little. He was shrewd and skilful and far-seeing, and in his way, in "cornering" some of his craft, often made men's fortunes, or ruined them in an hour at the stock board. Little stood the shocks of the combined board sometimes, both as "bull" and "bear," usually defeating or routing them. But his day came at last. He was "cornered." He could not pay his "differences." At the next meeting of the stock board Little's seat was vacant. Everybody was amazed. All wondered. Finally he paid up and resumed his seat. But his prestige was gone. The charm was broken. Very soon he was crippled again, and shortly became a "lame duck." If he is in Wall street, it is in some obscure apartment. He is no longer known as a millionaire, or even broker. Such is the bubble "reputation" got in Wall street.

Jacob Little was, and probably now is, a shrewd, sagacious man. He lived near the fountain-head of stock movements, and ought to have been able, if any man was, to predict the course of events. But his failures add to the many proofs we have, that it is impossible to anticipate the movements of the stock and money markets, for the simple reason that they are affected by political and other events which are continually occurring, and which it is impossible to foresee.

Much of the dealing in stocks and gold is simply gambling—betting upon the rise or fall of the market. And thus, while names change, the old vices remain. The lottery-system, once patronized by the most respectable men in the community, and even by the churches themselves, has been tabooed, and proscribed by law. But the human heart remains very nearly the same. The same passion which once found gratification in the chances of the lottery wheel, now takes even a wider range in the fluctuations of the stock and gold markets. Ah, well—as the wise man said—"The thing that has been shall be, and there is nothing new under the sun."

☞ We are indebted to the Hon. Leonard Myers, of the House of Representatives, for a copy of the recent speech of Mr. Elliot, of Mass.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MOUNT VERNON AND OTHER POEMS. By HARVEY RICE. A number of poems on miscellaneous subjects. We like best those of a lively character such as "Laura," "Ancestral Portraits," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

SORDELLO, STRAFFORD, CHRISTMAS EVE AND EASTER DAY. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

CHILDS'S NATIONAL ALMANAC, FOR 1864. This excellent work will be issued on the 25th of the present month, and will contain a large quantity of the most valuable information—including matter relating to the Calendar, the National Government, the State Governments, the War, Foreign Countries, &c. 630 pages in all, at the cheap price of $1.25. Published by George W. Childs, 628 and 630 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SHOPPING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY G. G.

You think all ladies like shopping, do you? Oh! Ah! Indeed! *What do they shop for then?* Upon my word! That *is* cool and impudent—however, it is just like all men. Well, sir, I can tell you for one, that I *don't* like shopping—no, indeed! How do you suppose you would like it? To have about half as much money as you really need, and then to run all over town to make your poor little supply hold out, and go twice as far as other people's. To look at some lovely thing, just exactly what you want, and then because the price is too high for you, to pretend that you don't like something about the pattern, or the quality—you can't go beating the clerks down in fashionable stores, it does sometimes in secondom—and how do you suppose I feel when I see others coming in, turning over silks *I* don't dare look at, and actually buying them; sometimes such things too, not at all suited to their styles. I will say one thing, if I had the money I know there would be a chance for real taste to display itself, I *could* pick out handsome dresses—and then the trimmings! Oh! what perfectly exquisite things I would have! I could spend days in having all those things properly managed; I would go all over town to have just the right shade. It's rather hard that a woman with such a talent for proper dressing should have so little opportunity for cultivating it. I need not say "little opportunity," I have none at all! It is very well to say we ought not to be envious and all that, I don't suppose men are envious of each other's dress, but then why should they be? What do they look like when they are dressed? We are the ones that can display endless variety in our attire—gentlemen have one style of dress, and they must keep to that if they wish to look like gentlemen—but with us! Oh! I could dress in such a perfectly charming and bewitching way if I only had the money!

It is natural to a woman to dress—talk about the Roman women! don't you know they were mighty particular about the set of their robes and their tunics, or whatever they called them. *How do I know!* Why because they were women, and women are women—so there now! that's how I know. Oh! stuff! You needn't talk about the women of our country in the early times. Do you think I have never seen pictures of those times? I can tell you I would like mightily to dress as some of them did; and you may be sure that those that had on plain dresses wore them for the same reason that I do, because they hadn't the money to get better.

Ah! me! To walk into the stores putting on an air—when you have nothing *but* air to support it on—and trying to look as though the price was the last thing in your mind, when they begin to unroll all sorts of charming things before you, not to speak of the lovely, little, distracting fascinations scattered on the other counters, and then to see some one or other, getting out of her carriage, coming in with a real air and *not* thinking of the price. Oh! dear! Just as though there could be any pleasure in shopping in that way—it's torture, that's what it is, and like an Indian brave at the stake, we must not cry out, but look cool and placid. *What do I go into those stores for?* Sir! I *must* see the last styles!

☞ The New York Herald's readings of the sacred book are original and curious. In defending the practice of raffling, it refers to Scripture examples, and mentions that, after the death of Christ, the friends of the Saviour cast lots for his garments. It so happened that the lots were cast by the executioners, to whom the garments of the victims belonged by the usage of the times. —*Exchange.*

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*, *N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor Sts., Phila.*

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. R. GREEN, *Ch'm'n.* }
Mrs. B. H. MOORE, *Cor. Sec.* } Ex-Officio.
Mrs. GEORGE PLITT, *Rec. Sec.* }
Mrs. W. H. FURNESS.
Mrs. LATHROP.
Miss M. M. DUANE.
Mrs. PHOEBE M. CLAPP, *Assis. Sec.*

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., March 1, 1864.

F. A. KNAPP, ESQ.

Sir,—Perhaps already you have had information of a disastrous battle to our forces on the 20th ultimo.

Our men are in good spirits, taking the defeat as a matter of course, and hoping that better fortune may attend the next engagement.

We met and provided for the first wounded, and carried the last off the field; and when told by General Seymour that if we remained to secure the last load upon the cars, we would certainly be captured, our men took the chances, got the men upon a hastily constructed platform, moved a few miles, and the engine giving out, the 54th Mass. (those left after covering the retreat, and their slaughter was terrible,) seized the train, and, by ropes, dragged it 23 miles into Jacksonville, our corps accompanying it.

It gratified me subsequently to be addressed by a high official: "Your corps has sustained the reputation of Morris Island."

Sanitary stock is higher in this market than gold in New York.

Signed, M. M. MARSH,
Chief Inspector San. Com.
Southern Department.

We are requested to say that there is a great demand for clothing for many of the returned volunteers, who, from long sickness, accident, and other causes, have come back in a very destitute condition. All persons who have half-worn clothes which they are willing to dispense with, are invited to send them to the Rooms of the Commission, 1307 Chestnut street, where suitable provision will be made for their proper distribution.

Large Meeting at the Academy.

A brilliant meeting was held on Thursday evening at the Academy of Music, at the call of the Philadelphia Branch of the U. S Sanitary Commission. The night was inclement, but the popular interest in the cause was evinced by a pretty full and a most enthusiastic house.

The stage was decorated appropriately with voluminous folds of tri-colored bunting, and set with a drawing room scene, from whose windows a sunny landscape lay before the view. A fine orchestra was present, and the whole surroundings were pleasant and animating. The cause was the cause of the soldier, and as such the audience entered into the spirit of the occasion.

The centre of the stage was occupied by the officers of the Sanitary Commission, and its entire space was filled with ladies and gentlemen.

Bishop Clark, of Roode Island, was first introduced and presented a clear and judicious view of the grounds on which the Sanitary Commission is entitled to the confidence of the public. He mentioned that it is the first organization of the kind which has ever been formed in the world. Through all the sufferings and horrors of the Crimea, and in the whole annals of European wars, ancient and modern, no such powerful engine was ever put in operation—no such systematic and efficient agency to relieve and *prevent* suffering, ever executed or conceived:—

Philadelphia is now preparing for another great effort. Every soldier who passes through this city looks upon it as a place of rest and refreshment, and now you are to add to what you have already done—another grand demonstration—a gigantic and magnificent fair. He was proud to see the assemblage of gentlemen at the Sanitary rooms last night, but the women, after all, were the main dependence. In enterprises like this, men were a side issue. (Laughter.) Time and time again, but for them, the plans of men would have come to nothing.

The heart and spirit, and untiring energy of the women of the country, have kept up the work of the Commission, and made it the earnest and effective agent that it is.

The brave Colonel Streight, who, at the head of his patient and heroic little band, recently dug his underground way out of a Richmond prison, was now announced, and was received with the most vociferous and long continued applause.

He said he felt joy at being in Philadelphia addressing such an audience. The scenes of the last few months were in striking contrast to scenes like this. The soldier, however, appreciates such blessings as this Commission bestows, and feels stronger and bolder on account of its kindnesses. Any one who will count up the number of his own friends in the army will understand the numbers of those absent, and the labors of this Commission are doing them most grateful service. Clothing, nurses, kind messengers and hospital stores, are received by the poor men fighting our battles with tears of gratitude.

This is a colossal war. The officers are better cared for than the soldiers, and, therefore, let the soldier have all your sympathies. His life at best is a hard one. He has to meet in deadly strife a desperate and reckless foe. They are a foe worthy of our steel. The soldiers who go out to meet them want all that we can do for them. We want more than money and clothing. We want recruits. (Cheers.) We want more men. If the President would appoint some of your ladies recruiting officers he would do well. If you, ladies, were to say to the idle young men about you—"fight for your country, or we know you not," it would be a good thing.

This war will not be finished this summer. The enemy will never yield. It is no use to cry peace when there is no peace.

There is a set of men there in control of public affairs that you could not live with in or out of the Union. They must be brought to some kind of terms, and they will never respect you until you humble them. There are officers plenty in the army. Men are what we want, and a great many of them. We want 500,000 this spring. Then we shall have a potent argument for peace, and peace will come. It will never come otherwise.

A man who has been ten months in a dungeon cannot make a speech, the Colonel, therefore, asked to be excused. As he sat down the whole audience again cheered him most lustily. He is slowly recovering his vigor and strength, and has lost the cadaverous hue of countenance acquired by his long incarceration.

The Rev. Mr. Bellows, President of the Sanitary Commission was next introduced, and delivered a most able and judicious exposition of the true aim and working of the Commission. He said the Sanitary Commission was not the medical department of the United States army, for that is worth twenty Commissions. A valuable medical purveyor had said to him that the credit of the army medical department was given to this Commission. No sensible person could suppose this. The speaker took this occasion to pay to the medical department of the army the tribute of his highest respect. The world never saw its superior. Such hospitals as are in Philadelphia the speaker had never seen; such generosity of provision was beyond all praise. The government has done nobly for the soldier.

But for the inevitable exigencies and misfortunes of war, for which no government ever did provide, and ever could provide, the Commission does provide. It is not to do what the medical department neglects for it neglects nothing, but it does those things for the soldier that are not compatible with military supervision. It exists for the filling up of those interstices which exist in the very nature of military organization. Eight hundred distinguished medical military characters, in session at Geneva, recently sat to devise means by which the population of any country could relieve the distresses of soldiers on the field of battle. Those sticklers for discipline and etiquette have hit upon the very system which this Commission had already in operation in this country. That which they had at last accepted as a possible theory we had put into systematic and organized practice; and a people like us are constantly inducing the government to introduce and adopt sanitary means lest otherwise a generation might be required to bring about, and in this present war of the dutchies the Secretary of War in Denmark calls upon the women for lint and bandages, which, even for a little army of 20,000 the government had not at hand. The Commission is doing a great many things for the soldier that are not known. Their history will be told in future. But they are not seeking to supplant the medical authority of the army, nor to misappropriate supplies nor to aggrandize themselves in any way, nor to gain fame or renown.

Never was there such copious sums of money and such abundance poured into the storehouses of the Commission. The supply had been copious, but never superfluous. The more we get, some say, the more we want. A million of money and seven millions value of supplies have been distributed by the Commission. It has cost most of the money to move the supplies. These supplies for the first two years came from the superfluity of the great people of this nation. All that could be spared was sent. The estimated money value of these was $7,000,000. They are all distributed, and the superfluity has gone. Nobody has any more to spare. The spare towels, sheets and shirts are gone. Ah! in farm-houses now many a consultation has been held to see what more could be spared. Not out of the affluence, but out of the penury of the farm-houses of this broad country have the Commission been supplied. Many an heir loom, baptized with tears for those supplies who have gone, has found its way into the little box made up to send to the Sanitary Commission.

Two millions and a half more of stores must be had this year, and money to distribute them all over the lines of the army must be supplied, or the Commission must cease its operations. The Commission looks with confidence to Philadelphia. A moral force exerted here is contagious. A great fair given here, and made a great success, would be followed by similar ones in every town over the country. Chicago raised $60,000. Cincinnati raised $250,000. Brooklyn, in an innocent way, got up a little fair and raised $400,000 In all probability New York has half a million on her subscription books, now while the fair is just started. Less than a million for Philadelphia, of course, would not be respectable. (Laughter.) You are a magnificent population, though you probably don't know it, and may outdo everything that has been done elsewhere. The spirit is in the people, and they are determined to have a series of the greatest fairs the world has ever seen.

The speaker concluded by giving his idea as to the manner in which the affair is conducted. He was glad to hear that there was to be no raffling. The ladies, in the goodness of their hearts, had been disposed to look upon it as of no harm. No one ought to be sorry to see an end put to raffling, for it was a first cousin to gambling, and ladies who encouraged it might impart a first taste for gambling to male relatives.

The fair should occupy some spacious square, and be magnificently filled. The avenues should be spacious, and every object displayed to the best advantage.—Even at a dollar admission, an immense sum should be rolled up, without counting a dollar of what is realized by sales.

There will be no difficulty in rendering the fair attractive.

This closed the evening's delightful entertainment. The Commission will publish the addresses, of which our space would afford but a synopsis, in pamphlet form.

DONATIONS.

MONDAY, March 28th, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Ladies' Aid, New London, Chester co., Miss R. L. Conard, Sec'y, box No. 7; Hebrew Women's Aid, Miss R. Moss, Sec'y, 2 kegs No. 19, 20, 21; Ladies' Aid, Springhill, Bradford co., 1 box; Church of the Saviour, West Phila., Mrs. Goddard, sec'y, 1 pkg.; St. Luke's Auxiliary, Mrs. James, Sec'y, 2 pkgs.; School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Air township, Fulton co., Miss D. M. Leeber, 2 boxes, 1 bbl., 1 keg; Ladies' Aid, Riverton, N. J., 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Sunbury, Northumberland co., E. Donald, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Bedford, Miss Mary F. Barclay, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. Geo. Plitt, 1 pkg.; a lady of Lancaster co. (aged 86 years), through Mrs. Birkenbine, 1 pkg.; St. Peter's church, Miss Dunlap, Sec'y, 2 pkgs.; Ladies' Aid, Milton, Northumberland co., S. M. Dougal, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Danville, Montour co., Miss M. A. Montgomery, 2 boxes; Central Aid Society, Chester co., Mrs. R. S. Price, Sec'y, 1 box; Vaughan Sewing Circle, Mrs. Furness, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Upper Merion, Montgomery co., 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, N. and E. Coventry, Montgomery co., Mrs. Oliver Wells, 1 box; Miss Seltzinger, Port Kennedy, Montgomery co., 2 boxes; Calvary church, Mrs. W. Strong, 2 pkgs.; "For Freedmen down South," 1 pkg., no address; Ladies' Aid, Clifford, Susquehanna co., Miss Persis K. Stevens, 1 bbl., 1 firkin; Ladies' Aid, Palmyra, N. Y., 1 bbl; Colored Women's Loyal Union League, 404 Walnut st., 1 pkg.; Aid Society, St. Clement's church, Mrs. Clapp, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; St. James's church, Miss Green, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Swedesboro', N. J., Mrs. Garrison, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. Jessup, 1 pkg; garden seed from the East Whiteland and Reesville Presbyterian churches, Chester co., through Rev. J. McLeod; Church of the Redeemer, Lower Merion, Miss Hayes, 1 pkg.

THOMAS STARR KING.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The great work laid upon his two-score years
Is done, and well done. If we drop our tears
Who loved him as few men were ever loved,
We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan
With him whose life stands rounded and approved
In the full growth and stature of a man.
Mingle, O bells, along the Western slope,
With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope!
Wave cheerily still, O banner, half way down,
From thousand-masted bay and steepled town!
Let the strong organ, with its loftiest swell,
Lift the proud sorrow of the land and tell
That the brave sower saw his ripened grain.
O East and West, O morn and sunset twain
No more forever!—has he lived in vain
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told
Your bridal service from his lips of gold?

—*Independent.*

☞ The London Athenæum, which is not given to praising American authors, has a kindly word for Dr. Holmes, in connection with his recent volume, "Soundings from the Atlantic." "No English readers," it says, "need be told that Dr. Holmes can not be other than agreeable. His verses are charming in their geniality, having many excellent qualities besides. He has invention, and that of such peculiar national quality as proves him to be the countryman of Brockden Brown (too much forgotten) and Mr. Hawthorne."

☞ The effect of the various modes of ocean travel upon the health of passengers has recently attracted attention. Paddle-steamers are found to be superior to screws, as it regards oscillation; but the atmosphere in screw steamers is rather better, the engine being apart from the rest of the vessel. Nautical diseases have in a great measure lost their virulence, on account of the short time in which passages in steam vessels are effected. The frequent renewal of air caused by steam is found to be, to a certain extent, a preservative against maladies peculiar to hot climates.

☞ The following is suggested as an infallible method of detecting dangerous lamp oils:—Take two teacupfuls of boiling water and one of cold; mix together in a small basin; dip out a cupful of the mixture, and pour in its place a teaspoonful of the oil to be tested. Apply a blaze, and the dangerous oil, or those capable of igniting below 120 degrees, will immediately take fire. Others will not ignite.

☞ In Nevada artesian wells are bored *horizontally* into the mountain sides instead of perpendicularly into the ground.

☞ The following is the method of operation of "Bonelli's typographical telegraph:" The message is set up in ordinary type at the office by compositors. It is then placed in a small carriage on a miniature tram-way. Set in motion by electricity, this carriage passes under a small comb which communicates the inequalities of the surface of the type to a similar comb at the other end of the wire, many hundred miles distant. This latter comb, passing over a strip of prepared paper, leaves an exact fac-simile of the type originally set up. The strip of paper is then dipped in water, dried, inclosed in an envelop, and sent to its destination. A message of twenty-five words can be set up in type, sent to any distance, and printed in permanent ink on its arrival in a minute and a half, for thirteen cents.

☞ Three ladies who wished to attend a fashionable ball in St. Louis, it is said, had money enough to buy one set of jewels. A council of war was accordingly held by them, and it was agreed to send to an Eastern house for three diamond necklaces as samples, from which a choice was to be made. After the diamonds had done their work at the ball, two of the necklaces were returned, while the other was promptly paid for. This piece of female financiering was worthy of the most strategetic General of modern times.

☞ At a recent exhibition of the stereopticon in Lowell, an arrangement was made with the musicians in attendance to play appropriate music for the scenes represented. The order of the music was arranged according to the order of the views; but by some means or other the latter were transposed. On arriving by the programme to the disarranged scene the music proceeded in the order assigned, and played "Sweet Home," while upon the illuminated canvas glowed a distinct representation of the *Charlestown State Prison!* The institution for once was the hint for a hearty laugh.

COSTUMES FOR A FANCY BALL.

FROM A PARIS LETTER.

Great preparations are in progress for the ball which takes place this evening at the Tuileries. I will describe some of the toilettes which have come under my notice. The Marchioness de l'Aubpin is to appear as the "Queen of the Amazons"—a very original and noble costume. The white silk skirt falls almost plain around the hips, and is embroidered with gold; the cuirass of gold is fastened to the waist, and appears to be composed of fishes' scales; a very small golden helmet with white feathers on the head, allowing the ringlets to fall around the neck; the shoulders, and arms uncovered, and buskins made of cloth of gold on the feet.

The Countess de Saint Mar——— wears a splendid costume which is called "The Legion of Honor;" it is in fact a personification of that order. The skirt is of red moire (the same color as the ribbon used for the decorations), but it is embroidered with gold flowers; over this falls a white satin tunic which is cut in the form of the cross. The boddice is made of cloth of gold in the style of the middle ages, that is to say, descending below the waist, and rounded off both in front and at the back. The cross of honor is embroidered upon it in white silk, and a wreath of laurel leaves around the lower part of the boddice. Upon the shoulders will be fastened an ermine mantle lined with cloth of gold; the head-dress is a small royal coronet placed at the top of the head lined with gold, and studded with precious stones, and in the right hand will be carried an immense goose-quill dyed in the national colors.

Mme. Pernetta will appear as *Roulette*, that fatal game which brings poverty or wealth in a few minutes. A shower of gold falls among her hair; the boddice is arranged with a berthe made entirely of gold coins, with a white satin note for 10,000 francs fastened to it. Two small tufts of red feathers are placed in front of the head. The skirt, which is made of bright red silk, is embroidered round the bottom with a network of gold coins, the small gold rake, such as the croupiers use to draw together the gold at Baden and Ems, is carried in the right hand.

A young lady, Mlle. H———, is to appear as "Snow," and the costume is a most beautiful one. The short white satin skirt is edged with swansdown, and long crystal beads imitating icicles. The low boddice is in the Louis XV. form; it is pointed and made of white satin, and crossed with a band of swansdown; in the centre, as an emblem of Hope and Spring, a tuft of half-opened primroses is fastened. The hair is powdered with very brilliant silver and glass powder, and underneath the left ear is fastened another tuft of lilac primroses. A necklace of large crystal beads, with long drops in the form of icicles is to be worn around the throat. The boots are white satin, the heels covered with the same material; a band of swansdown upon the instep and around the ankle.

Two charming sisters, daughters of the Chili minister, are to appear, one as a white cat and the other as a *vivandiere* of Louis XV. reign. The white cat wears upon her head a white cat's head, and round her throat a black velvet necklace, upon which the name Minette is written in gold letters; a sky-blue satin boddice edged with white fur; a sky-blue satin skirt likewise edged with white fur and embroidered in silk with white cats' heads. This blue satin skirt is worn over a white satin one and is looped up at regular distances with bows of blue ribbon streaked with silver.

ANTIQUITY OF THE GAME OF HOOP.—This very favorite amusement was in high repute with the boys and young men of antiquity. Horace mentions it as one of the manly sports of his time. The hoop was then of much larger dimensions than at the present day, being five or six feet in diameter, made of iron, and having a number of iron rings suspended to the inside. These made a clattering noise as the hoop rolled along, and gave warning of its approach. The game was called *Trochus* by the Romans, and the hoop was directed, as at present, by an iron rod in a wooden handle, which bore the name of *Radius*. Addison mentions having noticed at Rome an ancient statue of Time, holding in his hand a hoop of marble.—*Romulus.*

LOVE.

Love wakes men, once a life-time each;
They lift their heavy lids and look,
And, lo! what one sweet page can teach,
They read with joy, then shut the book,
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but either way,
That and the child's unheeded dream,
Is all the light of all their day.

☞ Albert C Hobbs, of East Fryeburg, Me., died recently from bleeding, having fallen and the teeth perforating the tongue.

☞ A burglar-proof vault has been invented, in which a space between two of the plates is filled with iron balls about one inch in diameter, perfectly loose. The plates cannot be drilled through, as a drill must strike one of those balls, which would rotate with the tool, instead of submitting to the perforating process. One of these vaults has been put in the Chicago Custom House.

LOST IN THE DESERT OF SAHARA.

The sufferings and dangers of Dr. Barth, the anxieties of his friends, are by far more explicitly related in the short "Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa, by the late James Richardson," published after his death in 1853, than in "Barth's Travels and Discoveries." A few sentences of the "Narrative" will show what uneasiness this adventure of Dr. Barth gave to his companions:—

"This was a dreadfully exciting day. I confess that, as the afternoon wore on, I had given up nearly all hope, and continued the search merely as a matter of duty. Few will be able to imagine the anguish of losing a friend under such circumstances in the wild desert, where you may forever remain uncertain how he came by his death, whether by the spear of a bandit, the claws of a wild beast, or by that still more deadly foe my thirst. Just before sunset I was preparing fresh fires as a last resort, when I saw one of our blacks, the little Mahadee, running eagerly towards the encampment. Good news was in his very step. I hastened to meet him. He brought the joyful intelligence that Dr. Barth had been found, still alive, and even able to speak. The Tawarek whom I had despatched, in scouring the country with his mehari, had found him about eight miles from the camp, lying on the ground unable to move. For twenty-four hours he had remained in the same position, perfectly exhausted with heat and fatigue. Our fires had not been unmarked by him, but they only served to show that we were doing our best to find him. He could not move a step towards them. On seeing his deliverers, he could just muster strength to say, 'Water, water.' He had finished the small supply he had taken with him the day before at noon, and had from that time suffered the most horrible tortures from thirst. He had even drank his own blood! Twenty-eight hours without water in the Sahara! Our people would scarcely at first credit that he was alive, for their saying is, that no one can live more than twelve hours when lost in the desert during the heats of summer."

MARKED ARTICLES.

Some of the marks which are fastened on the blankets, shirts, &c., sent to the Sanitary Commission for the soldiers, show the thought and feeling at home. Thus—on a home-spun blanket, worn, but washed as clean as snow, was pinned a bit of paper which said: "This blanket was carried by Milly Aldrich (who is ninety-three years old) down hill and up hill, one and a half miles, to be given to some soldier."

On a bed quilt was pinned a card, saying: "My son is in the army. Whoever is made warm by this quilt, which I have worked on for six days and most all of six nights, let him remember his own mother's love."

On another blanket was this: "This blanket was used by a soldier in the war of 1812—may it keep some soldier warm in this war against Traitors."

On a pillow was written: "This pillow belonged to my little boy, who died resting on it; it is a precious treasure to me, but I give it for the soldiers."

On a pair of woollen socks was written: "These stockings were knit by a little girl five years old, and she is going to knit some more, for mother says it will help some poor soldier."

On a box of beautiful lint was this mark: "Made in a sick room, where the sunlight has not entered for nine years, but where God has entered, and where two sons have bid their mother good-bye as they have gone out to the war."

On a bundle containing bandages was written: "This is a poor gift, but it is all I had: I have given my husband and my boy, and only wish I had more to give, but I haven't."

On some eye-shades were marked: "Made by one who is blind. Oh, how I long to see the *dear old flag* that you are all fighting under."

THE FEAR OF ANIMALS.—Preserve girls from fear and affectation, which, for the most part, find place where reason is excluded. Even at a very early age you may cover, with a many colored veil, many imaginary fears. For instance, you may tell a child that the first clap of thunder he hears is the rolling of the chariot on which the long expected spirit arrives; or you may yourself unconcernedly regard animals which alarm by the rapidity of their movements, as mice; or by their size, as horses; or by their unpleasing forms, as spiders or toads. Then direct the children's eye from the whole to the individual beautiful limbs, and gradually, without compulsion, draw child and beast together, for children have scarcely any other fear than that produced by strangeness. One scream of fear from a mother may resound through the whole life of her daughter; for no rational discourse can extinguish the mother's scream. You may make any full stop, colon, or semicolon, or comma of life, before your children, but not a note of exclamation!—*Jean Paul.*

☞ Emancipation is working well in Russia. More than 8,000 new schools have sprung into existence through individual effort among the peasantry.

LATEST NEWS.

The rebels crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg on Wednesday night, and again on Friday morning at Morton's Ford, but were repulsed in both instances.

From Chattanooga we learn that the rebels, though large in force in our front, make no demonstrations. A despatch from Meridian says that General Sherman has gone down the Mississippi with his troops, evidently for the Red river.

The 9th and 10th battalions of Louisiana rebel cavalry were driven from Chappapela river, La., and a number of them captured, as also some of their bloodhounds, with which they had been hunting conscripts.

Newbern advices of the 14th says there had been a slight skirmish between the enemy and the 3d New York cavalry, but no serious collision.

The steamship City of Baltimore, from Europe, arrived at New York on Saturday. The Austrians had arrived before Duppel, and it was expected that an attack would shortly be made. The districts of Schleswig not occupied by the Austro-Prussian troops have elected members to the Rigraad. In Copenhagen all the candidates favorable to an energetic prosecution of the war were elected. Three Prussian war ships had received orders to leave Brest and proceed north immediately. The Archduke and Archduchess Maximilian arrived in Paris on the 5th, and were received at the Tuileries by the Emperor and Empress. The Duke is to remain but four or five days. The arrangements for his departure from Trieste would be completed on the 15th inst. A Warsaw dispatch states that an imperial manifesto, announcing the emancipation of the peasants in Poland, was proclaimed in the public square of Warsaw on the 6th.

☞ The London Musical World says of the late Mr. Stephen C. Foster, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania: "His loss will be equally lamented in England, where his songs were more successful than those of any composer during the last ten years."

☞ A Cincinnati firm has received from Louisiana orders for 700 ploughs, 40 wagons, a quantity of harness, 30 carts, 1,000 barrels pork, 300 tons hay, blacksmiths' and carpenters' tools, etc.—a sure indication that peace and prosperity are soon to follow the footsteps of freedom in that portion at least of the South.

☞ During the first part of last week, by some inexplicable means, a report was circulated about Burrillville, R. I., that a son, aged four years, of John Lynch, was drowned in the trench at the Glendale Mill, where the father is an operative. The time of the burial was set, and John's friends repaired to the house and were surprised to find the little boy at play in his usual health. The origin of the report could not be ascertained but on the following Sunday, the same boy Lynch, was actually drowned in the identical trench at Glendale.

☞ The French Emperor, in giving titles of nobility to his favorites, singularly enough has never created a Marquis or a Viscount, and the consequence is that the holders of these are distinguished as belonging to the old aristocracy, and esteem their rank accordingly.

☞ In the Latrobe tunnel, in Virginia City, Nevada Territory, a mode of ventilation, said to have been in use among the ancient Germans, has been introduced. It is reported that when the tunnel was in only a few hundred feet, an air-shaft had to be sunk, and at about the same distance further another was put in. At this point the bottom of the shaft was closed up, except a hole about ten inches square, through which passed a wooden box flume of that size, by which the air is conducted into the further extremity of the tunnel. The draft is so strong that no further shaft has yet become necessary. The tunnel now extends about twenty-six hundred feet. The Santa Fe Mine has adopted a similar system of ventilation.

☞ The pair of great guns which the Government is having cast—one in New Jersey and the other in Pennsylvania—are to carry shot weighing about one thousand pounds each, which will penetrate the iron-armor vessels as a rifle ball will go through a sheet of tin. The weight of each will be in the vicinity of 110,000 pounds, and the cost of each about $30,000. They are to be smooth bores, but the ordnance bureau is now having rifled, on the James plan, all the smooth-bore heavy guns on the fortifications around Washington.

☞ Galignani says that England consumes 1,000,000 pounds of ivory annually, or the product of 8,333 elephants. About 4,000 men are annually killed in the elephant hunts.

☞ A correspondent of the Belfast Age, describing a logging camp, says—"Directly above it (the fire) was a large square smoke hole, which was six by four feet *square* and *extending about four feet above the roof.*"

☞ THE ISRAELITES.—The Wilna Messenger states that, according to the latest calculations made, the number of Jews now amounts to 7,000,000, about one-half of whom reside in Europe. Russia contains the most—1,220,000; next comes Austria, 853,000; then Prussia, 284,500; and the other countries in Germany, together, 192,000. One remarkable fact is, that in France, Belgium and England, where the Jews are entirely emancipated, the number is gradually decreasing, while in those countries where they are still subjected to a certain restraint, they increase.

☞ Where there is enough for six, there is enough for eight," said a gentleman. "Yes," replied Alexander Dumas, "if you are speaking of canaries."

INSIDE THE GATE.

No lordly dome, no marble hall,
No pomp, nor show, nor state—
Nought that the world would grandeur call,
Is here, inside the gate.

A lilac hedge, a velvet lawn,
With poplars tall and straight,
The robin's note at early dawn—
Our home—inside the gate.

The early lilies of the vale,
The sweet day lilies, late,
With *all* the lilies, pure and pale,
Bloom here, inside the gate.

And violets, in gloom or glow,
So bright and delicate,
The first to come, the last to go—
Loved guests! inside the gate.

And all the flowers of the sun,
The early and the late,
Bloom in their season, one by one,
Just here, inside the gate.

And then the days of autumn bring
The apples, small and great:
The lovely promise of the spring
Is kept inside the gate.

For us, who in the cottage fair,
Where all joys concentrate,
Apart from strife and worldly care,
Bless God, inside the gate.

Bless God for this sweet home below,
And for the hope so great,
That when we leave it, we may go
Inside His golden gate,

Where we shall "nevermore go out,"
But may perpetuate
Joys here begun; and gladlier shout
Than now, inside the gate!

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER X.

LOVE THE LIFEGIVER.

It was about four o'clock in the morning, or nearly twelve hours after his frightful fall, that Marmaduke Heath first woke to consciousness. Mr. Long and myself were passing the night in his apartment, which was a very roomy one, my tutor upon a sofa, and I in a comfortable arm-chair. I had begged that for that once at least it should be so, for I knew the dear lad would like to set his eyes upon me when he first opened them. Dr. Sitwell and his assistant both agreed that if he woke at all from his heavy stertorous slumber, it would be in his sane mind; and it was so. Mr. Long was asleep, but I had so much to think about in the occurrences and disclosures of the preceding evening, that slumber had refused to visit me.

I was as unused as happy youth in general is to sleeplessness. I did not know at that time what it is to lay head upon pillow only to think upon the morrow with a brain that has done its day's work, and would fain be at rest; or worse, only to let the past re-enact itself under the wearied eyelids; to watch the long procession of vanished forms again fill the emptied scenes, and yet to be conscious of their unreality. How different in this respect alone is the experience of age and youth, and again of poverty and competence. A young man in tolerable circumstances, and who does not chance to be a sportsman, may never have seen the sun rise, that commonest of splendid spectacles to all men of humble station. For my own part, I had never done so in England until the occasion of which I speak, and I remember it very particularly. The weary time spent in listening to the various noises of the house, now to those consequent upon the retiring to rest of its inmates, and then to those more mysterious ones which do not begin till afterwards; the crickets on the hearth, the mice in the wainscot, the complaining of chairs and wardrobes, and the clocks, which discourse in quite another fashion than they do in the day. The slow hours consumed in watching the rushlight spots, first on the floor and then on the wall, and at last exchanged for the cool gray dawn, stealing in through cranny and crack, and showing my companions still in the land of dreams; later yet the drowsy crowing of cocks, and presently, as the light grows and grows, notwithstanding shutter and curtain, the indescribably welcome song of the early robin, the busy chirping of the house-sparrow, followed by the whole tuneful choir of birds; then the lowing of cattle in the distance, and the distant barking of the watch-dog, so strangely different from that sad and solitary whine with which the same animal breaks the awful stillness of the night. About four, I say, as I looked for the thousandth time towards Marmaduke's bed, I saw him sitting up supporting himself on his elbow, and pushing his other hand across his brow, as if trying to call to mind where he was. In an instant I was at his bedside.

"Marmaduke, I am here," said I; "Peter Meredith."

"I am not at Fairburn Hall, am I?" asked he, in a hoarse whisper.

"No, Marmaduke,—you are amongst friends."

"Then *he* is not here," gasped he—"nowhere near."

"He is miles away, my friend, and he will never come under this roof."

"Thank Heaven—thank Heaven!" cried the poor boy, sinking back upon the pillow; "it was only a dreadful dream, then. I shall die happy."

"You need not talk of dying, Marmaduke. On the contrary, let us hope you are about to begin a life unshadowed, natural without fear."

"No, Peter, I must die; I feel that. But what is death to what I have been dreaming? Do you remember that poem which came down in the box of books, from Mr. Clint, last week, about a wretched man that was bound upon a wild horse and sent adrift in the Ukraine?" And then he repeated with some difficulty—

"'How fast we fled, away, away,
And I could neither sigh nor pray,
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane,
But snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slackened in his speed;
But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became.'

Well, Peter, that was I. But instead of the wolves which followed upon *his* track, it was my uncle Massingberd who followed *me*. He had chosen to kill me as the Count Palatine would have killed Mazeppa, but he wanted also to see it done.

"'All through the night I heard his feet
Their stealing rustling step repeat.'

Great Heaven, I hear them now!"

"Nay, Marmaduke, it is only I, your old tutor," said Mr. Long, tenderly, who had not been able to leave his sofa entirely without noise. "You must not give way to these fancies: you had a fall from Panther, that is all."

"Ay," returned the poor boy, "it *was* Panther, only I thought he was a wild horse, and not my pony at all.

"'But though my cords were wet with gore,
Which oozing through my limbs ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fiercer far than flame;'

that was nothing; nothing to the knowledge that that man was close behind. Now that I am awake, I feel bruised from head to heel, my bones ache, my head seems as though it were about to burst, but that is nothing to"—the poor lad could not finish the sentence, but exclaimed with piteous vehemence—"do, Mr. Long, do promise me that I shall never see him more."

"You shall never see him more, if I can help it," returned my tutor with unusual energy. "Yes, I think I can promise that you never shall." I well knew that so cautious a man as Mr. Long would not have said so much without full warrant: it was evident to me at once that he had heard from Mr. Gerard all that had passed between that gentleman and the baronet in the drawing-room, and was now determined to act with vigor in Marmaduke's behalf. Perhaps the coincidence of the lad's dream with what had in fact occurred, may have helped my tutor's decision, but now that he had once passed his word, I felt sure that he would stand by Marmaduke to the last.

The sick boy seemed to feel this too, for he uttered many expressions of gratitude and contentment, while he kept fast hold of his protector's hand.

"But mind, Marmaduke, you must now make haste and get well, and not give way to despondency about yourself. I am going for the doctor, who is sleeping in the house, and whom I promised to call as soon as you awoke, and, Peter, don't you let him talk too much. For a boy like that to talk of death," added Mr. Long, aloud, as he drew on his slippers, "is to go half-way to meet it."

Marmaduke smiled feebly at this remark of his unconscious tutor's, and when he had left the room, observed:

"There is no need of any doctors; this is my death-bed, Meredith, I know."

"Marmaduke," replied I gravely, "I will not listen to such dreadful things; it is wrong, it is wicked, it will do you harm."

"No, Peter, there is nothing dreadful in the thing I mean, and it seems to soothe me when I speak of it. Since I have been ill, I have had a sign that tells me I must go. We shall not grow up together to be friends through life, as we had planned. I shall watch you perhaps—I hope I shall—and be happy in your happiness, but you will soon forget *me*. There will be a thousand things for you to think of; there have been even now for you while *I*—it seems hard, does it not, Peter, that I should have grown up under the shadow of that man, and never felt the sunshine? They say that Boyhood is the blithest time of Life, but I have never been a boy. I think I could almost tell him, if he stood here now, how he has poisoned my young life, and sent me to the grave without one pleasant memory to moisten my dying eyes. Yes, my friend, dying. I have seen a vision in the night far too sweet and fair not to have been sent from Heaven itself. If there indeed be angels, such was she. They say the Heaths have always ghastly warnings when their hour is come, but this was surely a gentle messenger. I close my eyes and see that smile once more."

"Has she hair of golden brown," inquired I, gravely, "and hazel eyes, large and pitiful, and does she smile sad and sweet as though one's pain would soon be over?"

"That is she, that is she," exclaimed Marmaduke, eagerly, while, from his heavy eyelids the light flashed forth as from a thunder-cloud; "oh, tell me who and what she is."

"Her name is Lucy Gerard," replied I, quietly, "and we are at this moment, in her father's house."

Marmaduke's mention of her smile had revealed to me the secret alike of dream and vision. He must have been dimly conscious of the catastrophe that had occurred to him throughout, although he had confused himself, poor fellow, with Mazeppa, and the daughter of our host with a vision from the skies. His eyes were now closed, and with features as pale as the pillow on which he lay he was repeating to himself her name as though it were a prayer.

"Marmaduke," said I, "we will talk no more, since it exhausts you thus; I hear Mr. Long returning with the doctor, be of good heart, and keep your thoughts from dwelling—"

"Yes," interrupted he, as though he would prevent the very mention of that grisly king of whom he had been but now conversing so familiarly, "I will, I will. It would indeed be bitter to die *now*."

CHAPTER XI.

WOOING BY PROXY.

The medical report of Marmaduke Heath was more than cheering; it was confident.

"One of the very best features of that young man's case is this," said Dr. Sitwell, "he does not give way. Foolish youths of his age will sometimes, as it were, fall in love with Death, until it is absolutely close beside them, poor fellows, when they shrink from him like the best of us."

"You should rather say the worst of us, Dr. Sitwell," observed my tutor.

"Well, sir, as far as my experience goes," returned the doctor cheerfully, "and I have 'assisted,' as Mr. Gerard here will have it, at the demise of many persons of the very first respectability, few of us are apt to welcome death; the majority, contrary to what is vulgarly believed, pay him no sort of attention whatever."

"And yet," remarked Mr. Harvey Gerard slyly, "he came over before the Conqueror, and possesses a considerable amount of land all over the country."

"True, sir, true," replied the doctor, gravely, "and those are attributes which should always command respect. With regard, however, to our young patient, he seems determined, notwithstanding his sufferings, to be cheerful, and bear up. I have told him how essential it is to do so, and the young gentleman is most reasonable, I am sure. 'I do not want to die, I wish to live,' were his very words—a most satisfactory and sensible state of mind. Fairburn Hall—he did not say this, but I knew what was passing through his brain quite well—Fairburn Hall, and one of the oldest baronetcies in the kingdom, are something to live *for*—that is a great point in cases of this kind."

I am sure I felt thankful and glad to hear this account of my dear friend; yet I could not help wishing that Dr. Sitwell had been as correct in the cause of Marmaduke's clinging to life as in the fact itself. For I, too, was stricken with love for Lucy Gerard, and would have laid down my life to kiss her finger tip. It is the fashion now to jeer at that which is called First Love, as though affection were not worth having until it has first exhausted itself upon a score of objects; nay, perhaps, the thing itself is as extinct as the Dodo. In my day, however, the Great Three-Hundred-a-Year Marriage Question was not yet broached, and gentlemen did not complainingly publish their rejections at the hands of the fair sex in the Times newspaper. Nearly half a century has passed over my head since the time of which I write, and has not spared its snows, and yet, I swear to you, my old heart glows again, and on my withered cheek there comes a blush as I call to mind the time when first I met that pure and fair young girl.

The worship of a lad is never lasting, it is said, although I know not upon what authority—society so seldom permitting the experiment to be made, that the *dictum* can hardly be established; but while it does last, at least, how clear and steady is the incense! how honest is the devotion! how complete the sacrifice! Since I have been an old fogey it has been confided to me by more than one ancient flirt that they still experience a rapture when they chance to catch the affection of a boy. They are kinder to him than they are to older men; they let him down easy; they respect the infatuation which they themselves have long lost the power of entertaining. How delicious then, must such a conquest be to a maiden of seventeen! I claim for myself the possession of no tenderer nor truer feelings than other lads, but I know that a queen might have accepted the heart-homage which I paid to Lucy Gerard. And never was fealty more disinterested. I have written down not a little to my discredit; let me then say this much in my own favor. From the moment that Marmaduke Heath spoke to me as he did, upon his bed of sickness, of our host's daughter, I determined within myself not only to stand aside, and let him win her if he could, but to help him by all means within my power. If he lived for her alone, should I endeavor to slay him? If a promise, however distant, of a bright and happy future seemed at length to be held out for him whose life had been so saddened and so bitter, should I strive to make it void? I could not *afford* to lose her; no. I would have given all that I had in the world to hear her whisper, "I love you;" I would have beggared myself, I say, for those mere words; but could *he*, poor lad, afford the loss of her so well?

Doubtless, in modern eyes, we both appear mere foolish victims of calf-love; green hobbardy-hoys, dazzled with the first flutter of a petticoat. As for me, let it be so received, and welcome—although, my young readers, male, this is to be said, You never saw Lucy Gerard. Otherwise you would wonder little at my—well, at my poor folly. But with respect to Marmaduke, it must be admitted that his was not an ordinary case. Although a boy in years, he had long been sitting on the shores of old romance, and had probably more of the divine faculty for Love within him than all the ardent souls of five-and-thirty put together, who are at this moment turning their eyes about them for a suitable young person with whose income to unite their own. Since his mother died, he had scarcely beheld a virtuous woman, with the exception of dear Mrs. Myrtle, the housekeeper at the Rectory, whose appearance was calculated to excite respect rather than the sentimental emotions; and now he had suddenly been brought face to face with one whose equal for form and feature, for gentleness and graciousness, for modesty and courage, these eyes have never yet beheld. I have done. There shall be no more ecstasies, reader; an old man thanks you that you have borne with his doting garrulity even thus long.

Since the days of Earl Athelwold, and probably long before them, the wooing by proxy has been held to be a perilous undertaking; we cannot take the fingers of fair lady within our own, and say: "This is not my hand at all," as though we were Bishop Berkeley; or, still more, "This is somebody else's hand," which it manifestly is not. If credit is to be given to such protestations at all, there is no knowing where to stop; and yet we must be doing something tender, or we are not performing our duty as deputy. But how tenfold are the dangers of this enterprize, when the delegate of another has at one time contemplated performing the mission in question upon his own account. Of this peril—although fully determined to speak a good word for Marmaduke—I was well aware; I even considered within myself whether it would not be safer, upon the whole, to return at once to Fairburn Rectory, lest I should do my friend an involuntary wrong. Yes, I was walking in the garden at the Dovecot after breakfast, considering this, when I came upon Lucy Gerard herself, and flight became impossible to me, being mortal. I was pacing a winding path that ran beside the lawn, but was hidden from it by a glittering wall of laurel, and, lo! there she stood, unconscious of my advent, beside—what? a statue, a sun-dial? No, a rose-tree, striving upwards by help of a little cross of white marble. Her face was westward, so that the morning sun shone like a glory on the wealth of hair that rippled down her shoulders; beside her indoor garments she wore only a little braided apron, full of pockets that held scissors, pruning-knife, the thing which is called "bass," I believe, and other horticultural weapons, and on her head the tiniest straw-hat, with a brim obviously intended to shelter more than one—a perfect garden-saint; and at her prayers! for while I looked, she knelt upon the grass-border (to shake some insect from a rose, I at first thought, or remove a faded leaf), and so, with bowed head, remained for several minutes. When she arose, and saw me hesitating whether to advance or retreat, she blushed a little, but in her usual quiet tone begged me not to be disturbed. "You could not know that this is forbidden ground here; it was my fault, who ought to have told you; our own folks all know it, and so few guests ever come to the Dovecot, that it never struck me, Mr. Meredith, to give you a Trespass notice."

"But since I am here, Miss Gerard, and the intrusion has been made—most innocently, I assure you—may I not be suffered to satisfy what, believe me, is not a mere vulgar curiosity?"

"I do not think," returned the young lady, with some hesitation, "that my father would object to your knowing our little secret; you are going to remain with us some time, he hopes, and—yes, I am sure you will respect what with us is held so secret. This cross and rose-tree are set above my little sister's grave. See, that is what we used to call her—LITTLE ELLA. She of whom I spoke to you in the drawing-room yesterday."

I daresay my stupid face exhibited more of astonishment than sympathy. No wonder, thought I, that the doctor called Mrs. Gerard a sectary, and that Mr. Long was so cold and distant in his manner!

"You seem surprised, Mr. Meredith, that my father should have acted thus—should have placed the tomb of his dear child where he can always come to weep and pray at it, and not amid the long dank grasses in Crittendon churchyard. Is it so very rare a thing to bury those we love elsewhere than in a churchyard?"

"I only know one other instance," said I, "and that is in the Heath family."

"Indeed," replied Miss Gerard gravely, moving away as though not wishing to converse of common things in that sacred neighborhood, "I trust we have but little in common with *them*."

"Truly, I can scarcely imagine that you and they are of the same species," replied I, with irrepressible admiration, "you who do not even know what wickedness is!"

"What!—I? Oh, but I am sometimes very, very wicked, I assure you," replied Miss Gerard. She looked so serious, nay, so sad, that I could have taken up her little hand and kissed it, there and then, to comfort her. But would such a course of conduct assist poor Marmaduke? thought I—and fortunately in time.

"There is one of the Heath family," said I, "at all events, whose good qualities will go far to atone for the shortcomings of his adversaries, if he only lives to exercise them."

That "if he only lives" I considered to be very diplomatic; it was enlisting a tender sympathy for his perilous condition to start with.

"Dr. Sitwell says that there is little danger," replied Miss Gerard, quietly.

"I know better," observed I, confidentially; "his life or death hangs upon a thread—a chance."

"Good heavens! Mr. Meredith—what can you mean? The brain, we are assured, is quite uninjured."

"My dear Miss Gerard," returned I, "it is not his brain that is affected; it is his heart. His recovery, I am positively certain, depends upon you."

"Upon me! Mr. Meredith?" replied she, while a blush sprung from neck to forehead on the instant, as though a white rose should become a red one—"upon *me*?"

"Yes, dear young lady—that is, upon you and your good father. This lad will find here, for the first time in his young life, peace and tenderness—a new existence, if you only choose, will expand around him, such as he has never even dreamt of. I do not ask you to be kind to him, for you cannot be otherwise than kind; but consider his sad condition—fatherless, motherless, and having for his only relative a wretch whose atrocity is unspeakable—what reason has he to wish for life? But you—you may teach him to feel that existence has something else to offer than sorrow, and shame, and fear."

"Alas, sir! I am nothing," returned Miss Gerard. "But if your friend desire a teacher to whom fear and shame are unknown, and whom sorrow has rendered wise, not sad, he will find one in my dear father. Oh, Mr. Meredith, if you knew him as I know him, how tender he is as well as strong, you would go straight to *him!* What I have of help within me, if I have anything, is derived from him alone."

"There are some maladies," said I, "against which not the most skillful physician can avail without a gentle nurse to smooth the pillow. I am sure I need say no more, except to assure you that whatever kind offices you may bestow upon Marmaduke Heath, will not be wasted upon an unworthy object. He is most honorable, generous, warm-hearted—"

"And very fortunate," interrupted Miss Gerard, cordially, "in having a friend to be thus enthusiastic for him in his absence!"

Her eyes sparkled with pleasure; and she held out her hand frankly as she spoke. I took it, and pressed it for an instant. A shock of joy passed through my frame; my whole being trembled with ecstacy. Passion took me by storm, and for one glorious moment held the very citadel of my soul; but it was for the last time—believe me, Marmaduke, the last time in all my life. Fifty years have come and gone, with their full share of pleasure and pain, but have never brought a moment of bliss like that, nor such icy despair as the thought of thee, my friend, caused to succeed it!

I write not in self-praise. I was not so mad as to suppose that Lucy Gerard would have ever stooped to love Peter Meredith when once she had known Marmaduke Heath. If he had so endeared himself to *me*, a selfish boy, who knew not half his gifts, or, at least, knew not how to value them—that I thus rudely broke my own brief love-dream for his sake, would he not draw *her* towards him, laden with all her wealth of heart and brain, as the moon draws the wave! It was so afterwards; but I knew it then, as though it had already been. Yet, Marmaduke—yet I gave you something—for it was all I had—when I laid at your feet, to form a stepping-stone for you, my own heart. You trod upon it, my dear and faithful friend— But, thank Heaven! you never knew that you did so.

I wonder whether Lucy ever knew?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ VALUE OF A WHALE.—A Sandwich Island judge has decided the legal value of a medium sized whale to be $7,500.

"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE."

Under the greenwood tree I sit,
When the noonday sun is high,
And watch the clouds that float and flit
Over the April sky.

And like unto my young-boy days,
That sunny sky appears;
As through the clouds break out the rays,
My smiles broke through my tears.

Then look I down upon the ground,
Besprinkled o'er with flowers,
And think of the friends that grew around
The path of my youthful hours.

The clouds soon gather around the sun,
And then comes down the rain;
So smiles grow rare as life speeds on,
But ah! the tears remain.

The foot of the wayfarer passes o'er,
And tramples the flowers beneath;
And I think of the friends I see no more,
That lie crushed down by Death.

But sun and cloud they pass away,
And night comes deeply down;
And stars, like flowers of purest ray,
Through the fields of heaven are strown.

Then I look in hope upon the host
Of those tranquil lights afar;
For I know I shall meet each friend I lost,
When he shines like the morning star.

Cloud or night shall never come o'er
Their holy resting-place:
There's a sun that shines on them evermore—
The light of God's own face. J. F. W.

Useful Receipts.

TO BAKE SOLES IN THE FRENCH MANNER.—For cooking soles in this style a deep earthenware dish is required. Choose two moderate-sized fresh soles, and clean them thoroughly; melt or oil, before the fire, 8 oz. of fresh butter, and pour it into the dish; add salt, cayenne, and a spoonful of essence of anchovies, a table-spoonful of veal gravy, and a dash of lemon juice. Wipe the soles dry, and strew over them a thick layer of fine bread crumbs, and afterwards a layer of picked shrimps, and over the top a little more clarified butter. Let them bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

WHITE BEANS.—The best plan of cooking them is to soak them in cold water for three hours, and then to boil them in a large saucepan of cold water, with some salt and a lump of butter in it, and let them simmer gently until quite tender; on no account should they be boiled quickly, otherwise the skins will burst. Strain them in a cullender when they are tender, and put them into another saucepan with some butter, chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Stir the beans continually, until the butter is well mixed with them; add some strained lemon juice, and serve them hot. They are excellent when eaten with roast mutton.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—This is a seasonable dish. Take 2 lb. of apples, pare and core them, slice them into a pan, and add 1 lb. of loaf sugar, the juice of 3 lemons, and the grated rind of one. Let these boil until they become a thick mass, which will take about two hours. Turn it into a mould, and serve it cold with either thick custard or cream.

RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FLORENDINER.—Stir 6 ounces ground rice into one quart boiling milk; let it boil up a little; then stir in half a pound of butter, and sugar to the taste. When cold, add 6 eggs, a glass of wine, or the same of rose-water; a little nutmeg. Put this again on the fire, and let it come to a boil, then bake it in paste. This is a cheap, good pudding.

SPANISH BUNS.—Mix 6 oz. butter with ½ lb. sugar; add one teacup of cream; beat 4 eggs separately and put in. Have weighed ½ lbs. flour which has been sifted; one teacup Zante currants; add these. Dissolve a half-teaspoonful carbonate of soda in a little brandy or rose-water; one teaspoonful of cream tartar to the same of brandy or rose-water, but in another cup. These buns are very fine.

☞ The Jolas, or Fellups of Africa, have a matrimonial arrangement which is worth relating: As soon as a child is born it is betrothed to another as near its own age as possible. When the pair arrive at the age of puberty they are married. The boy presents the girl with a shift and waist-cloth. When the shift is worn out she is at liberty to go where she likes, and marry whom she choses. She is taught to believe that if she commits an infidelity before that time, the Evil Spirit will run off with her. These wives, therefore, remain rigidly constant; but it is not unusual to see one pounding her shift between two stones.—*Reade's Travels.*

RATHER TOO NEAR.—"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, to the bone."

"What is his character?"

"Didn't know as he had any."

"Does he live near you?"

"So near that he has only spent five shillings for firewood in eight years."

☞ I'm not fond of *cat-nip*, as the little girl said when pussy bit her nose.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone,
That used to be playing about my knee,
With their noisy mirth and boisterous glee?
Who littered the carpets and misplaced the chairs,
And scattered their playthings all unawares;
Who called for their suppers with eager shout,
And while they were getting, ran in and out;
Who kept all the apples and nuts from spoiling,
And never saved jackets nor pants from soiling;
Had ever a want and ever a will
That added a care to my heart, until
I sometimes sighed for the time to come,
When they'd all be big and go out from home.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
There are no little faces to wash to-night,
No little troubles for mother to right,
No little blue eyes to be sung to sleep,
No little playthings to put up to keep,
No little garments to be hung on the rack,
No little tales to tell, no nuts to crack,
No little trundle bed, brimful of rollick,
Calling for mamma to settle the frolic,
No little soft lips to press me with kisses—
(Oh! such a sad, lonely evening as this is!)
No little voices to shout with delight,
"Good night, dear mamma, good night, good night."
Silent the house is; no little ones here,
To startle a smile or chase back a tear.

Silent and lone, silent and lone,
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
It seemeth but yesterday, since they were young;
Now, they are all scattered, the world's paths among.
Out where the great rolling trade-stream is flowing;
Out where new fire-sides with love-lights are glowing;
Out where the graves of their life-hopes are sleeping,
Not to be comforted—weeping, still weeping;
Out where the high hills of science are blending,
Up 'mid the cloud-rifts, up, up, still ascending,
Seeking the sunshine that rests on the mountain,
Drinking and thirsting still, still at the fountain;
Out in life's thoroughfares all of them moiling;
Out in the wide, wide world, striving and toiling.
Little ones, loving ones, playful ones all,
That went when I bade, and came at my call,
Have ye deserted me? Will ye not come,
Back to your mother's arms—back to the home?

Silent and lone, silent and lone,
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
Useless my cry is. Why do I complain?
They'll be my little ones never again!
Can the great oaks to the acorns return?
The broad rolling stream flow back to the burn?
The mother call childhood again to her knee,
That its manhood went forth the strong and the free?

Nay, nay, no true mother would ask for them back;
Her work nobly done, their firm tramp on life's track,
Will come like an organ note, lofty and clear,
To lift up her soul and her spirits to cheer!
And though the tears fall, when she's silent and lone,
She'll know it is best they are scattered and gone!
Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Thy will, oh, Father, not my will be done!

AN ENGINEER'S ADVENTURE

I am not sure of the year, but it was some time in the Forties. Nicholas I. was czar of all the Russias; nobody dreamed of the Crimean War; the latest insurrection in Poland had long been crushed; the country was quiet, if not contented; and I was engaged as an assistant-engineer on the survey for the Warsaw and St. Petersburg Railway. My principal, whom I will call Mr. Evans, as the names of high-standing professionals are not to be printed in the private memoirs of their subs, was one of the English contractors, and chief-engineer as far as Wilna, where his headquarters were fixed, and from whence his instructions were sent forth to all his outposts along the line. Mr. Evans placed considerable confidence in me; I suppose it was well founded, for I had served my apprenticeship with him, and subsequently acted as his assistant in the survey of sundry railways in England, Belgium, and Germany. The rail was a new institution then, and as it originated with us, English engineers were in high request for laying it down in all parts of the continent. The fact brought us into connection with our brother-professionals from every quarter of Europe. So it happened, that associated with me on the same station, and nearly as high in my principal's esteem, there was a French engineer of the name of Duroche. He was a born Parisian, a handsome clever fellow, about my own age, which was then twenty-seven, deeply devoted to his profession, light-hearted, ready witted, and admirably qualified for making himself at home wherever he went. Duroche was courteous and kindly too; he knew more about the northern country than I did, having engineered a good deal in different parts of Russia, and was by no means chary of his knowledge. He understood English well, but spoke it very badly. I was in the very same estate with regard to his language, and by a sort of tacit agreement, each conversed in his native tongue, while we carried on our share of the survey together, inhabited the same tent, and became intimate friends.

Some such social amenity was requisite for men so situated. Our station was considered one of the most important on the line, because it included the worst of the engineering difficulties, being a wild district, half-forest and half-marsh, curiously diversified with masses of rock and ridges of sand—in my honest opinion, the refuse of all Poland. In the midst of this terrestrial paradise, and on one of the sand-ridges, which happened to be the highest and driest spot we could find, was pitched the tent in which my surveying companion and myself found sleeping room and shelter from the worst of the weather. Hard by it stood an old wooden post-house, deserted for many a year because no travellers came that way, and which was the rest and refuge of two Russian sappers, who served us as chain-men, and understood no order except it were given in their own language, or accompanied by a shaken stick. There was no town or village within a day's journey of us; the nearest was a miserable place called Linke, and the best house in it belonged to the blacksmith. All our iron-work had to be done there, and all our provisions brought from thence, which, together with the surveying, kept ourselves and our Russian sappers perpetually on the road. A wild one it was, winding through marsh and forest; I am certain no engineer had ever been employed upon it, and the transit of any vehicle would have been impossible. But at one of its sharpest turns, midway between our station and Linke, on a rising ground, girdled with ancient oaks and pines, stood an old-fashioned Polish mansion built partly of stone, partly of timber, and standing out grand and stately from the mass of the dark green-wood.

The family who occupied it were named Jasinski. They consisted of a father and daughter, with a large retinue of servants. The father was a white-haired, venerable-looking man, approaching four-score, with the titles of count, colonel, and knight of half the orders of Europe. The daughter was named Clementa, one of the finest women I ever saw, which is saying a good deal for a man who has seen the ladies of Poland, even as an engineer. They bear the bell in all the north for beauty and talent, and the old count's daughter, in my humble judgment, excelled the most of them. Tall, finely moulded, with classical features, an alabaster complexion, and eyes and hair of the brightest and blackest, for the statelieness of her carriage she might have been a queen, and for the sweetness of her face, an angel. Besides, Clementa was wonderfully clever, could sing and play, speak English, French and German, and talk literature and politics quite beyond my depth.

You perceive I got acquainted with the people of the chateau, as Duroche called them. It was he that introduced me by accident, as it seemed, one day, when we chanced to be surveying in their neighborhood, and the old count and his daughter came by in their morning walk. They greeted Duroche like old friends; he presented me at once, greatly to my own satisfaction, and we got an immediate invitation to lunch in the chateau. It was my first introduction to the good society of the north. Living in that lonely forest-mansion, with nobody but peasants, like the Linke people, within many a mile of them, any stranger who could behave like a gentleman, was doubtless an addition to the Jasinskis' resources. Duroche was evidently their family friend; but while the old count and he talked mostly together, I fancied that Clementa made me particularly welcome. It might have been because she spoke English, which I had not heard intelligibly uttered for some time, and that, with a disposition as sweet as her looks, she sympathized with my undisguised delight at hearing my mother-tongue once more. But certain it was, that Clementa talked to me, paid me a good deal of ladylike and delicate attention, and warmly seconded the general invitation which her father gave me to his board and mansion, in common with Duroche.

I took the first opportunity to get out of the latter gentleman how he and the Jasinskis had become acquainted; but getting anything out of Duroche was not an easy business. All he pleased to tell me was, that his father and the count had served the great Napoleon, and made the Russian campaign together; that the Jasinskis claimed the highest rank, and owned the largest estate in that part of Poland, and that Clementa was generally supposed to be her father's heiress.

"Has the old count no other children, then?" said I.

"It is believed he has no other child," said Duroche. "There was a son, Henry Vladimir, a gallant fellow, and nearly as handsome as his sister. He joined the insurgents or patriots—I don't know which you English call them—in the last rising; did his part in the defence of Warsaw, and was one of the corps who got through Turkey with arms in their hands, and embarked for Marseilles. After that he spent a good deal of time between France and England, hoping and working for Poland as best he could. The Russian government did him the honor of a special proscription; the rewards privately offered for his arrest still glitter in the eyes of German policemen in all the towns of Fätherland, where dirty work is done for the czar. But they never caught their bird; in fact"—and Duroche looked confidential—"it has never been ascertained what became of poor Henry. Some say he disappeared suddenly in the midst of a particularly foggy winter in London; some say he was lost with an English steamer making the passage to Hamburg. At any rate, he is believed to be dead. You see the count and his daughter still wear crape round their left arms, in mourning for him and the cause that took him from them. Clementa is the acknowledged heiress of family honors and estate; and you will see a Russian count who knows that, and has bought a property bordering on the Jasinskis, which belonged to one of the patriots, and was confiscated; they say he has got the old count's approbation, and will carry off the prize."

I did see the Russian count on my very next call at the chateau; he was named Krouzoff, a tall handsome man about thirty; very gentlemanly in his manners; very pleasant to hear and converse with; well informed, particularly on social subjects; wonderfully free from pride and prejudice, and with a sort of general benevolence in speech and look, which made him agreeable to everybody. He was on a most friendly footing with the Jasinskis, which I attributed rather to the uncommonly liberal view he took of Polish discontents and grievances, than to the success of his designs on Clementa's heart and hand. Krouzoff positively appeared to sympathize with the Poles in their fierce and frequent struggles for liberty; lost no opportunity of denouncing the tyranny of his own Government, in a style which I thought at once courageous and extraordinary for a Russian. By the way, I heard rather than conversed with him. Krouzoff could speak no English; but, in common with most Russian gentlemen, he spoke French like a native. That, and a longer acquaintance, made Duroche and him quite familiar; they showed each other what might be called high consideration in and out of the chateau; had friendly greetings whenever they chanced to meet; had a great deal to say between them; yet I became conscious, on my first entrance into their society, that my engineering friend lost no love on the Russian count.

"Ah, bah," he would say, when I sounded the latter's praises, "there is the Tartar covered with the Muscovite cunning, and a thin coat of French polish, which he got from his tutor, and the slight civilization we were able to establish in St. Petersburg. That excellent man's servants know the weight of his horsewhip—every one, except a countryman of mine, whom he has got for a valet, and the Russian knows better than to try such tricks on him."

"But he is so liberal and sympathizing with the Poles," said I.

"Of course he is; hasn't he got one of their confiscated estates, and is he not looking out for another with the hand of the fair Clementa? Ah, my friend, there is no sympathy so genuine as that which brings a little profit to a man;" and Duroche shrugged his shoulders with great energy.

As time progressed, our survey went on and I became more intimate in the chateau. My opinion of the sympathizer with Polish grievances and proprietor of the confiscated estate, became worse every day; for, strange as it may appear, a spirit of rivalry took possession of me. Clementa was a Polish countess, it was true, heiress of a large estate, and a noble line. I was an assistant-engineer from England, with nothing but professional expectations and uncertainties, no family to boast of, and what was worse, or better, a kind of engagement on hand. There was a certain Miss Lucy Anne Patterson, whom a local poet had styled the belle of Birkenhead, with my entire concurrence, some three years before the time of the present story, when I was surveying about one of the Liverpool docks. There had been a solemn introduction at a tea-party, two or three quadrilles danced at different friend's houses, two or three takings down to supper, two or three sealings-home, at length an interchange of letters, a ring, and an engagement. But here Lucy Anne's mamma laid her veto on the business. Mrs. Patterson had five daughters younger than my charmer; she did not like long engagements; she had no great opinion of young men without a position; girls were often kept from being provided for, and then left in the lurch; she would have no breaches of promise tried in her family; in short, Lucy Anne was commanded to take off the ring, and return the letters. I was to do likewise, and we compromised matters with the ingenuity of young people, by locking up our respective treasures out of all sight but our own, vowing eternal constancy, and keeping servant-maids and errand-boys in private employment with our secret correspondence.

But that Polish girl, with her stately beauty, her polished but easy manners, her magnificent voice, and the English she spoke to me—I am clear it was not her estate and title that did the business—sapped the outworks of my plighted faith, and made its very foundations totter. At first I thought she showed me particular civility; then her preference became so decided, that I wondered Duroche did not observe it; and at length I felt convinced that Krouzoff, with all his courtesy to the English stranger, hated me with his whole heart as a favored rival. A man ought to be ashamed to tell such things, but they happen to be true. My acquaintance with the Jasinskis had commenced in the early spring; before midsummer, my letters to Lucy Anne had dwindled down from five pages to scarcely one and a half; and before the leaves were falling, I could never find leisure to take one to Linke in time for the passing postman, who picked up letters at all the villages on his way from Wilna to Warsaw. I was losing my heart, or rather Lucy Anne's part of it; losing my self-command and my self-respect too, for was not I an engaged man, and what had one of my estate to do with a Polish countess? But Clementa was fair, and I had persuaded myself fond; and how could a man be expected to keep constant under such circumstances? It was all the fault of Lucy Anne's mamma. Was there ever a son of Adam who could not find somebody to blame for his own doings? In short, I came to the conclusion that my vows to the belle of Birkenhead were not at all binding; that fortune did not put such an opportunity in everybody's way; that doubtless there were transcendent merits in me, Charles James Hawkins, which had escaped the notice of my friends in England, and been made manifest to the heiress of the Jasinskis; had she not encouraged me, and should I not take heart and make my declaration on the first opportunity? Wouldn't Duroche be astonished when it all came out, and he had never guessed what was passing under his own eyes, notwithstanding his countrymen's pretensions to astuteness!

Being thus resolved, I waited but the occasion. It was the beginning of winter now—the Polish winter, which sets in with such wind and rain as we seldom see in England, great as is our land's repute for wet weather. Our stays at the chateau were consequently longer; the lengthening evenings gave time for music, cards, and talk, at which Clementa and I were frequently, in a manner, tete-a-tete; but on the very next visit after my grand resolution was taken, I was surprised to find a Hungarian cousin, of whom I had never heard, just arrived, and established in the chateau. He was an officer in the Austrian service, wore the uniform, together with an immense black beard, and could speak nothing but German or Magyar. How he would have looked without the hairy mask which concealed the greater part of his countenance, I cannot tell, but the Hungarian struck me as not at all prepossessing, and haughtily reserved.

There was another peculiarity about him which gave me a still worse opinion of the Hungarian cousin. His presence seemed to impose an unaccountable constraint or concern on the family. Even Clementa looked always on her guard after his coming; the old count was for ever casting anxious looks round the room where we all sat so cozy in the wet stormy evenings, and the sudden entrance of a servant would make him and his daughter appear as much frightened as if they had seen a spectre. They did not wish it to be noticed; and I put on great symptoms of non-observation, as soon as the fact was made plain to me. Duroche did it in his own way, as we went home together through a lull of the tempest. "Sad pity of the Jasinskis," said he; "who could have thought of poor Henry getting into such heavy embarrassments—debts, I mean—to that Hungarian cousin? A wealthy Magyar, you perceive; a mine-owner, in fact, of the strict and stern old school. He lent the poor boy money at different times, when Henry was at college and elsewhere. The old count, not having cash to pay, gave his bond for it at a heavy percentage, which the Magyar comes to levy every year about this season. Between ourselves, I believe he is now pressing for the principal; the count cannot raise it, large as his estate is; the family are too hospitable and generous to have much laid by, and they are trying to promise him off. They don't care for anything if the difficulty can be kept out of sight; so you and I had better take no notice of their disquietude."

The propriety of the course thus recommended was obvious; I only regretted that it afforded me no chance of exhibiting my sympathy with the family, and thus outrivalling Krouzoff. By-the-way, I forgot to mention that he was not at the chateau that evening; and Clementa told me, with some appearance of satisfaction, that he had gone to visit his relatives in Grodno, and would not be back for a fortnight. There was my opportunity. I would lay my heart and hopes at her feet, in spite of the Magyar and his bond. Might not that Hungarian cousin be a rival too, though Duroche had not said it? I sounded him on the subject. The Frenchman looked mysterious, but would admit nothing. I should see for myself, however, and it was in a strange conflict of hopes and fears, concealed, as I flattered myself, under an easy and careless exterior, that I started with him, on the next convenient evening, for the chateau, as Duroche never allowed me to go alone.

The November day was drawing to its close, the storms of wind and rain had fallen to a cold calm, which promised the setting in of the northern frost. The muddy path by which we traversed the bare woods was already growing firm beneath our feet, and another turn would have brought us within sight of the Jasinski mansion, when Duroche, who had been looking at the effects of the sunset through the trees, suddenly stopped in his walk, as if something had struck him—a fearful thought it seemed, for he turned as pale as death, and before I could ask what was the matter, said in a hurried tone: "I must go back, my friend; I have left my portmanteau unlocked in the tent; there are papers and things valuable to me in it, and nobody could trust those men of ours. Go on, I will join you at the chateau," and he started off at a pace which prevented all questions. What could be have in that portmanteau to be so frightened about? It was a new wonder concerning Duroche, but I took his advice, and hurried on to the chateau, where Clementa and her father received me with their usual kindness, but seemed surprised not to see my friend. The Magyar was with them still; his cavalry-cloak, lined with lambskin, and embroidered on the breast with the Austrian eagle, hung in the hall, but he was indisposed that evening, and had retired to his room. My opportunity was growing greater, and I was making up my mind how to profit by it when Duroche should come in and engage the old count in conversation; but he did not come, and while I was wondering at his delay, a tap at the door, and a whisper from a servant, took Clementa out of the room. She stayed about a quarter of an hour. The old count kept talking to me about my surveying and the weather, but his eyes kept wandering to the door. At length Clementa came back with a very discomfited look.

"Mr. Hawkins," said she to me in English, "I am sorry we must lose you for a while; a messenger has come from Monsieur Duroche to say that your chief is in the tent, and wishes to see you."

Mr. Evans come all the way from Wilna at such an hour, and wanting to see me! Something prodigiously wrong or right must have happened in our business, and the great opportunity, for this time, had to be lost. Up I got with hasty apologies and leave-taking, and down stairs I went, to my great delight accompanied by Clementa. She was sorry I had to go—just when their pleasant evening was beginning—such a distance through the dark night. "And it rains, too," said she, as we approached the door; you will be drowned, Mr. Hawkins, or chilled to death in that thin cloak of yours; do take my cousin's"—and she plucked it down from the pin with her own hands.

"I really don't want it, and your cousin may think it is making too free," I said.

"Never mind what he thinks; I will explain matters, and you will take it for my sake not to get cold."

Clementa threw the cloak about me as she spoke. Had it been the czar's robe of state, or the worst convict dress in Russia, I would have worn it; and trying to say so, while she urged me to make haste, for my chief was waiting, I pressed her fair hand to my lips, and dashed out into the dark night. There were no lights to be seen, but the courtyard gate was open. I had just stepped out and closed it quietly behind me, and was thinking what path through the forest would be the shortest, when a gleam of light was thrown over my shoulder, there was a rush of men from all sides, and I found myself surrounded and seized by some score of Russian soldiers. Before I could resist or remonstrate, my hands were firmly bound, and I was half dragged, half carried to a large rough carriage, into which they flung me, while four of the company, armed with swords, pistols, and a lantern, sprung in too, secured the door, and off went the vehicle. It was at a fearful speed considering the nature of the ground; deep ruts and projecting trees made it jolt and roll every minute; but on we went through the thick night and thicker forest, and there sat my escort, with their pistols at full-cock, the lantern fixed between them, and their eyes fixed on me. I could not speak a word of Russiac, but I tried my best in English, French and German, to inquire why I was arrested, and where they were taking me.

"The Count Jasinski knows very well why he is arrested," said the sternest but most civilized of the party, in answer to my seventh attempt, and in very good French.

"I am not the Count Jasinski, but an English engineer," I cried.

"Monsieur Jasinski has been a good while in London, and speaks English well, I believe," said the Russian.

"But inquire of Mr. Evans, my employer, and one of the contractors for the Warsaw and St. Petersburg Railway; or if he be too far off, send for my friend and fellow engineer, I will tell your people where to find him," I cried, in desperation.

"Monsieur Duroche is not far off; we are passing the engineer's tent, and shall soon see what he has to say," said the Russian, with most triumphant assurance, at the same time ringing a small bell, which brought the carriage to a stop, and a soldier presented himself at the door. The man in authority spoke to him in Russiac; he disappeared, and in a few minutes great was my delight to see Duroche, lantern in hand, accompanied by our two chain-men. Let me premise, that a word of their language I did not understand; my friend had always acted as interpreter between us, and now the two stared at me as if they had attended my funeral only the day before; but the Frenchman's look was, if possible, more dismayed.

"You can testify to these gentlemen that I am not Count Jasinski?" I said.

Duroche shook his head. "I am very sorry I cannot."

"You can't say that I am Charles James Hawkins, the English engineer, who has been for the last six months in the tent? Where is it?" and I made a move to look out. The Russian cocked his pistol to my head, the soldiers on either side flung me back into the carriage, the word was given to drive on, and Duroche vanished.

I was clearly the victim of a conspiracy as foul and treacherous as the annals of crime could show. The Russian Count Krouzoff wanted to get me out of his way, and Duroche, the man who had been my friend and companion for many a month, was his zealous instrument. Between them, they had contrived to get me kidnapped by a company of Russian soldiers—their officer, the man who spoke French, knew very well what he was about. I was to be transported to Siberia, set to work in a fortress or a mine, called by a number instead of a name, and never heard of more by my anxious friends! Had not such things been done to other strangers in Russia, and there was no chance of escape? All the bribed officials would insist that I was Count Jasinski, and knout me for not believing it. I cursed my fate—I cursed the whole Gallic and Sclavonic races—all but Clementa. I could not imagine that she would have a hand in such a conspiracy; the false message had deceived her as well as myself, and she sent me out to my enemies; still, the lady had been in a hurry about it, and conscience whispered that the whole transaction was a judgment on my falsehood to Lucy Anne. On for one hour beside her in Birkenhead, notwithstanding the mamma that hated long engagements! But on and on the carriage jolted all the long night, stopping only to change horses, with the pistols always at full-cock about me, and from the little observation I was able to make, it was evident that we were going due east to Moscow—in fact, right to the Siberian gate. I was growing half-mad with the thoughts of it, when the day began to dawn, dim and misty, and the carriage stopped at a solitary post-house in the midst of a wide barren plain, which looked like the first of the steppes. Out came the postmaster, all hair and beard; out came a company of men, who looked every one like engineers; and out at their head, as if leading a grand survey, came my principal, Mr. Evans. No sight that ever met my eyes before or since, seemed half so joyful or glorious as his broad, bronzed face.

"Help me—save me, Mr. Evans!" I cried; "they are carrying me away to the mines of Siberia, and I have done no evil."

"Don't be afraid," said Evans to me in English, while his company quietly surrounded the carriage, and he addressed himself to the officer in sound Russiac, exhibiting papers, and, I knew, discoursing about the knout. The man hesitated, and held back for a while; but at length, seeing that the engineer's company were about to take the business in their own hands, he gave way, allowed me to be taken out of the carriage, unbound, and lodged at the post-house, while he and his satellites stayed outside to keep guard.

"We must remain here," said Evans, "till the governor's courier from Wilna comes up. We have outridden him by some hours, I fancy, for the moment the news reached me, I gathered the men and mounted, took the shortest route across the country, and got here about twenty minutes ago. Hawkins, how did you get into this confounded scrape?"

"It was all Duroche's doings," said I.

"Duroche!" said the engineer; "he was the very man who sent me the intelligence, and he must have paid the messenger well to have run so fast. Here is his letter."

He put into my hand a crumpled paper, and I read by the fading wood-fire and the kindling day, one of the most earnest and urgent appeals that man could write under the spur of fear and friendship. He prayed Evans, for the sake of everything in this world and the next, to fly to my rescue; gave full particulars of where and how I was to be found, at that very post-house, *en route* for Moscow; and adjured him not to let his dear English friend suffer by such an absurd mistake, which he believed was rather a conspiracy got up by a certain Russian nobleman for his own purposes.

Whether the Frenchman or myself had gone mad in the course of that night, I could not be certain; Evans was inclined to think it was me. But the governor's courier from Wilna arrived at last, with the warrant for my immediate transfer to that town. I could not be liberated at once, as the governor had some doubts in his mind; but in the custody of the soldiers, and escorted by the engineer and his men, I reached Wilna, and was brought before his excellency. By that time, the governor had got positive intelligence of the escape of Count Henry Vladimir Jasinski, who, not being lost in the Hamburg steamer, had stolen back to see his family, in the disguise of an Austrian officer, and was all but taken, the authorities having received infor-

mation from Kreuzoff, when I came out wearing his well-known cloak, and was arrested in his stead. The officer on duty might have discovered his mistake but for the attestation of the engineer Duroche, and in the same long night in which I was driven towards Moscow, that gentleman, together with the Jasinskis, one and all, contrived to make their way to the Russian frontier. Nothing but the energy with which I had protested against my own arrest saved me from the charge of complicity in the plot. As it was, I had some difficulty in getting liberated, and had to be sent to a different station, on account of the umbrage given to the authorities. Mr. Evans found his credit so much involved in the affair, that he soon after found business for me in England. So I lost the chance of being his head-man on the Warsaw and St. Petersburg Railway, and took a resolution to take signal vengeance on Duroche if ever he came in my way. I know not how far that resolution would have been kept, but a very short time after my arrival in England, I received his wedding-cards, and a most friendly note, informing me that Clementa had consented to become Madame Duroche. They had been engaged for years, he was good enough to say, but the old count could not be brought to approve of the match till after the little service which he had the happiness to render to the family through my instrumentality. Duroche further assured me, that nothing but the urgent necessity of the case, and the sight he got of the Russian soldiers stealing through the forest to surround the chateau, would have made him subject me to such inconvenience, but he knew my benevolent heart would rejoice in having been the agent of escape to a persecuted patriot. My benevolent heart did not exactly rejoice; it was for a good cause, but I had been tricked, lost my engineering prospects, and well deserved it all. None of my friends were enlightened, however, on the last fact. I went back to Birkenhead, and gave Lucy Anne to understand the peril I had escaped. I am not sure that she didn't believe it was owing to the unrequited love of a Russian countess. At any rate there was a great impression made, not only on her, but on all the Pattersons. I became a hero of romance among them, the mamma consented to the renewal of our engagement. I got a position almost to her mind some time after, got married, am now a family man, and can afford to give a true account of my adventure in Poland.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

We have just been put in possession of the facts of a sad case of monomania, which had a terrible termination. A young lady residing in Brooklyn, New York, about nineteen years of age, about a year since became inspired with the idea that she was a second modern Joan of Arc, called by Providence to lead our armies to certain victory in this contest. The hallucination was a strong one, and a change of scene being suggested by her physician, she was brought to Ann Arbor, in this state. Her mania, however, increased until it was found necessary to confine her to her apartments. She, however, succeeded in making her escape, came to this city and joined the drum corps of a Michigan regiment, her sex known only to herself, and succeeded in getting with her regiment to the army of the Cumberland. How the poor girl survived the hardships of the Kentucky campaign, where strong men fell in numbers, must forever remain a mystery. The regiment to which she was attached had a place in the division of the gallant Van Cleve, and during the bloody battle of Lookout Mountain, the fair girl fell pierced in the left side by a Minnie ball, and when borne to the surgeon's tent her sex was discovered. She was told by the surgeon that her wound was mortal, and he advised her to give her name that her family might be informed of her fate. This she finally, though reluctantly, consented to do, and the colonel of the regiment, though suffering himself from a painful wound, became interested in her behalf, and prevailed upon her to let him send a dispatch to her father. This she dictated in the following manner:—

"Mr. ——, No. — Willoughby street, Brooklyn: Forgive your dying daughter. I have but a few moments to live. My native soil drinks my blood. I expected to deliver my country—but the fates would not have it so. I am content to die. Pray, Pa, forgive me. Tell Ma to kiss my daguerreotype. EMILY.

"P. S—Give my gold watch to little Eph." (The youngest brother of the dying girl.)

The poor girl was buried on the field on which she fell in the service of her country, which she fondly hoped to save.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

☞ A workman in the Commune of Le Jarue has succeeded in making barrels without hoops as solid as the best hooped barrels in the world. So at least asserts a French paper, and the alleged discovery, which has been a desideratum for some three thousand years, is now undergoing examination before the Academy of Le Rochelle.

THE DYING LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

Six years ago, at a small watering-place on the southern coast of England, I met *her*—the lady, I mean, whom I hoped to call my wife. Her name was Alicia Morgan. She was young—not quite twenty—an orphan, and residing with her aunt, a certain Lady Murray, who lived at a country house called the Heathlands, seven miles from B——. It was at a flower-show that we met, and I have never forgotten my first glimpse of that beautiful dark face, with its lustrous eyes and the profusion of raven hair twisted around that small queenly head, as I saw it first through a screen of roses and blossomed shrubs. Two pretty girls, her cousins, were beside her, but their more commonplace loveliness actually seemed to serve as a foil for the rare beauty of their young companion. And presently an older and matronly lady, evidently, by the strong likeness, the mother of the two girls last spoken of, rejoined them, and they all moved on.

I had many friends, and without much difficulty I obtained an introduction to Lady Murray, her daughters, and her niece. It came out, by great good fortune, as I thought, that my father had been aide-de-camp, in the Peninsula, to old Sir Thomas, Lady Murray's husband. The General was now very aged and broken, and his rheumatism kept him a close prisoner at home; but he remembered my name well, and I was received at Heathlands with all the warmth which characterizes the reception of an old friend. I was a frequent visitor at the house, and was always made welcome. There were fetes of various sorts going on in that hospitable countryside, in the pleasant summer weather; and at archery meeting, cricket-match or race-ball, picnic or boating party, I always joined the Murray's, and always found my way to Alicia's side.

I have no wish, Thursby, to dwell upon what must seem to you the tame routine of mere commonplace love making, and I see by your gesture of suppressed impatience, that you think I am wasting my scanty store of breath in recounting trifles. I will therefore hurry on. Let it suffice, that within two months of my first meeting with Alicia Morgan at the flower-show, I proposed for her hand and was accepted. It all came about so suddenly that I could hardly believe that my suit had been successful, even when the congratulations of the friends to whom the news had been imparted, came pouring in upon me. To own the truth, I was half frightened by my own good fortune.

That you may, in some degree, understand my feelings, I will give you a brief description of the family beneath whose roof, after so short an acquaintance, I had wooed and won a not unwilling bride. Sir Thomas, crippled by age and infirmities, testy of temper and impatient of contradiction, was managed with consummate tact by his clever and comely wife, who was very much his junior. Lady Murray was indeed what in common parlance is styled a "managing woman." She knew the world—the world of London society—very well, and played her own part with great skill. The two eldest of her four daughters—she had no son—were already well married, in the world's esteem, and there was but little doubt but that their younger sisters would also draw prizes in the matrimonial lottery. All these girls had good looks and some fortune, but in neither respect could even maternal partiality have described them as the equals of their cousin Alicia. She was well dowried, a fair estate in Wales having descended to her for lack of male heirs; but it was not until after I had made my proposals that I learned this fact. To do justice to my own motives, mercenary hopes had no share in drawing me on.

I have said enough to show that Lady Murray was by no means the sort of relative likely to encourage what are called romantic notions, or to sympathize with a love-match, where the husband should be the poorer of the two. And that such was the case in the present instance I found to my chagrin, there would be no doubt. As a bachelor and a Guardsman I was well enough off. By the Belgravian standard, on the other hand, I was too poor to marry, unless my choice should be a woman of property. And yet Lady Murray cordially gave her consent, and secured that of Sir Thomas, who, as the young lady's guardian, had the power of prohibiting her marriage until she should be of age.

Nothing could exceed, I may say, the kindness of the family. My acquaintance with Alicia, and with themselves, had been so brief, that a term of probation might well have been imposed upon me. There would have been nothing harsh or unreasonable in such a stipulation. But no such stipulation was made. When I pressed, as lovers will, for an early day, Lady Murray good humoredly remonstrated, but only on the score of the necessary preliminaries. "Lawyers, milliners, confectioners, and coach builders," she said, "must have time to play their part in a proper manner. At earliest, the wedding could not take place until the autumn." But she never seemed to think that any opportunity ought to be afforded to Alicia and myself to become better versed in each other's dispositions, and to draw back, if need be, from the hasty engagement that had been plighted under such unusual circumstances.

Even the legal arrangements went on with what I was assured was most unwonted smoothness. What Lady Murray, or the General, may have written to the family solicitor, I cannot tell; but my own man of business was almost rendered suspicious by the unprecedented straightforwardness with which every inquiry was met, and every alteration acceded to. The old lawyer, who had fought many a hard battle over marriage settlements, and with whom it was an article of faith to consider the opposite party as a subtle antagonist bent on getting the best of the bargain, knew not what to think of the easy victory that now seemed to await him. And yet, as he said in professional dudgeon, the lady's solicitors were an eminent firm, and the titles to the property were as clear as titles could be. There was no doubt about the matter, but the pliancy of the Murrays and their legal advisers could not have been greater had I been a duke instead of an esuire. It was left for me to insist that Alicia's fortune should be strictly settled on herself. I felt that this precaution was due to my own sense of honor.

Autumn came round, and the preparations were all complete. The wedding was to be a very quiet one after all, it had been decided. The ostensible reason for this change in the programme was the health of old Sir Thomas, who could not undertake a journey to London, and whom Lady Murray was unwilling to leave alone at Heathlands. I cared little how matters of this kind were settled, and was quite content that Alicia and I should be married in the little village church of Hillingdon, the parish in which Heathlands was situated. The wedding, as I have said, was to be a very quiet affair, Julia and Fanny Murray being the only bridesmaids. There was to be a breakfast, but only those of the neighboring county families whose members were intimate with the Murrays, had been invited to partake of it. The day was fixed. The settlements had been signed, duly witnessed, and returned to London. Milliners, lace-venders, jewellers, had executed their orders with more or less promptness, and stores of finery, which even Lady Murray admitted to suffice to the furnishing forth of the wardrobe of a young married lady—all were ready. The very spot where the honeymoon should be spent was settled, in what Fanny Murray called a "committee of the whole house." It was decided that no couple had ever been likely to start more smoothly and pleasantly on the voyage of matrimony.

It was come at last, the eve of the day on which Alicia and I were to plight our faith, come weal or woe, to one another; and I rode up, as usual, to the Manor House, followed by my servant. It was my custom to ride those seven miles of indifferent road, and to send back the horses, with Sam, to a small inn nearly three miles from Heathlands. The road, it so happened, was singularly wild and ill provided with houses of public entertainment; it led into a bleak hill country where the church towers were rare, and where a traveller might not be seen for miles among the treeless wastes. There was no shelter for man or beast short of the Three Horseshoes, which lay, as I have said, about three miles from the manor house, and some rods distant from a stream which foot-passengers crossed by a plank-bridge, but which horses were obliged to ford. At Heathlands my horses would of course have been cared for, had there been the necessary accommodation. But the General's habits were peculiar. The stabling was old and ruinous, and there was only just room enough for the carriage-horses, and two pet ponies that belonged to the girls, under that part of the range that still kept a roof above it. I must tell you this, captain, that you may understand what followed.

It was a dark day in early December, and the clouds hung threateningly about the bleak hill sides, fringed with black fir clumps, but the sun shone out, making the flooded meadows and wet roads glitter, as I rode up from B——, about noon. There had been a great deal of rain lately, for it was one of those mild, damp seasons of which we have had so many. The brook was nearly up to the girths as we forded it, and the mire was deep in the winding lane that led to the house.

My heart was heavy, somehow, and I felt anything but the blithe gayety of spirits that becomes a bridegroom starting joyously forth on a career of wedded happiness. I had never been a very thoughtful man. I was young, prosperous, and my own master, and my inducements to meditate had been few. But the great change that was impending, the trust of another's happiness, the responsibilities that I was on the morrow to accept, had made me ponder and reflect in a way to which I was wholly unused. And I reflected, as I passed through the deep lanes, where the scarlet berries of the holly flashed out from the dusky green of the leaves, and where the tall bare elms stood like skeleton giants overhead, how very, very little, I knew of Alicia's mind and heart—what a stranger I was to the beautiful girl whom to morrow I was to hail by the sacred name of wife.

It was too true. Alicia and I were almost strangers. Our acquaintance was certainly very short, but that was not exactly the case in point. People, especially when they love, may learn to know each other's thoughts and feelings in less time than that which had elapsed since the day of the flower show. But, I realized it for the first time, I knew singularly little of her whom I had chosen to be the helpmeet of my life. As far as I could remember, Alicia and I had seldom or never been alone, *really* alone, together. Always, as it seemed to me, some of the family had been present when we met, and even in the garden at Heathlands, on that evening when, in the deep shrubbery, I had poured out my heart in a few broken, passionate words, and had told my love to Alicia's half-averted ear, Julia Murray had been hovering near, and had joined us before any answer had been returned to my prayer. And it was from Lady Murray, after explanations had taken place, that I had first heard that my suit was viewed with favor.

Even since our engagement, I had rarely been alone with Alicia, and I was almost startled to remember how few were the sentiments expressed by her that I could recollect, and how slight had been our interchange of ideas. She was always lovely, gracious, and calm, like a beautiful statue, but it was wonderful how little communion there had ever been between her spirit and my own. Even a lover's memory, which turns the veriest commonplace prattlings into daintiest music, could not treasure up many of Alicia's spoken words. I was forced to admit, not only that she was habitually silent, but that the Murrays had hardly ever, by pure accident as it would seem, given me an opportunity of being alone with their ward.

Dim misgivings, too formless to make a permanent impression, crowded on my soul as I rode through the park, where the russet leaves, soaked with water, lay like a thick carpet beneath the bare trees. I was less hopeful, less exultingly sanguine, than formerly, and something like a chill ran through my veins as I caught sight of the steep gables and quaint red roof of the Elizabethan manor-house. These vague feelings, however, soon vanished as I received the warm greetings of my friends; and as Alicia half-shyly put her little hand into mine, I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful. Indeed, she was unusually animated. Her dark blue eyes—she had the rare beauty of blue eyes in conjunction with raven hair and a cheek whose bloom was as darkly rich as that of a peach—were more brilliant than was often the case; her smile was brighter, and her silver laughter more frequent. In general, she really did resemble a handsome statue, but now, though not talkative, she was at least lively and in high spirits. And yet, sometimes, a sudden change would come over her delicately moulded features, and she would seem as if listening to some sound inaudible to others, and forgetful of what was passing around her. Then the look of rapt abstraction would die away, and the fair, smiling face would resume its former aspect.

I never spent a more pleasant afternoon and evening than on that day, the eve of the wedding—the wedding that was never to be. Every member of the fireside group seemed to be disposed to contribute to the general joyousness. Even Sir Thomas, unusually exempt from rheumatic tortures, was in high good-humor, and told some campaigning stories that were new, at least to me, and by no means bad of their kind. Lady Murray and her daughters, clever and well-educated women, were very amusing companions, and if Alicia said less than the others, her beaming eyes and gay laugh had an eloquence of their own, and her royal beauty seemed to convert her in some manner into a privileged being, from whom less was to be expected than from others. As I have said, we were happy, and, as is often the case, our mirth seemed the blither because of the stormy weather without. For the storm had recommenced; the sheets of rain lashed the windows, the wind was loud, and there was thunder rolling afar off as the groaning trees bowed to the fury of the gale.

So far in his story my poor comrade had proceeded with a strength that surprised me, and that was evidently due to a concentrated effort of will, but once or twice he had paused to beckon to the watchful native servant for a fresh portion of the cordial. But at this point he stopped, gasping and pressing his thin hand to his breast, as he sank back among the pillows. The bearer, who had nursed many a sick sahib on his deathbed, glided actively to his side, and supported his languid head. Just then the cries of the wild animals in the jungle, which had been more and more harsh and fretful, ceased, and there was an abrupt hush, a solemn stillness when the very ticking of the watch on the table seemed to jar upon the ear. This silence lasted for a few minutes, perhaps three or four, and then came a low muttering sound, like that of a rising tide.

In a weak, but a resolute voice, poor Errington went on:—

My usual custom was to leave Heathlands at ten o'clock. On this particular night, the hour had passed unheeded, in the merry flow of conversation, when the old butler, a soldier once, like his master, came in to tell with military brevity what had occurred. The rain, falling furiously on the bleak downs, had swollen every stream and runnel; the brook, already deepened by much wet weather, was now two yards in depth, and had damaged the foot-bridge; while, as for fording, no horse in England could breast the torrent. A countryman had come across from the Three Horseshoes to ask what my servant was to do. He had but the alternative of stopping, with the horses, where he was, and of riding round to Ashton Poplars, where there was a bridge, four miles off, and with every prospect of losing his way in the storm and the darkness.

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said Sir Thomas, awaking from his nap. "You must take up your quarters with us for the night. Can't stumble through those muddy lanes in weather like this, can he, Eleanor? No, no, my boy, stop and sleep, and at your time of life you'll be early enough afoot to get down to B——, dress, and be back before old Mr. Maples puts on his surplice in the vestry of Hillingdon church, I warrant you."

So it was settled. Lady Murray went to bid the housekeeper get a room ready for me, and there was much laughter among the damsels of the Murray family as to my being "trapped," and immured in a Heathlands dungeon for the night. In such laughter and merriment Alicia took no share. On the contrary, one of her odd, silent moods came over her, and, for a moment, her beautiful face seemed to stiffen into stone, her eyes looked coldly forth at vacancy, and her lips worked, as if she were about to speak. Then she started, as Lady Murray entered, and bent over a book of engravings, and during the rest of the evening I could not find an opportunity of exchanging word or look with her who was to-morrow to be my wife. And when I bade her good-night, Alicia's hand was deathly cold; it lay passive in mine. She smiled and spoke, but it was evidently with an effort, and in a minute more I was alone.

Alone in a great wainscotted bedroom, where the fire and the candles were scarcely able to light up the dark green curtains and the sombre hangings and oaken scantling of the walls. Sir Thomas's man came and went, bringing, with his master's compliments, razors, brushes, linen, and so forth, and presently asked respectfully if I wanted anything more, bowed, and departed. I sat for an hour or more, gazing at the fiery caverns between the burning coals, and moodily thinking of Alicia's strange manner. Did it imply girlish fickleness, aversion, change of purpose? And if so, ought I, as a man of honor, to hold her to her word? Ought I to wed her if she loved me no more? And then rose up the stinging doubt, had she *ever* loved me? Was her acceptance of my suit the mere result of surprise, perhaps of the persuasion of her relatives, who were evidently my friends. Long I brooded thus, and coming to no satisfactory conclusion, flung myself into bed, and tried to sleep. I woke on a sudden, trembling violently, and with big cold drops standing thick on my forehead: woke, not by degrees, but on a sudden, with the start from sleep, the hasty rallying of the faculties, which an abrupt alarm can alone inspire. It was as if the soul, awake while the body slumbered, had roused her slothful companion at the call of danger. Thursby, we have been in action together. I don't think you ever saw me flinch when death and life were trembling in the balance: but I assure you that on that occasion I was completely unnerved. Instinctively I felt that peril was near, a shapeless, unknown peril that weighed upon my heart. Still I rose, relit my candle, and hurriedly dressed. My limbs shook, my breath came thick and short, and I was flurried and unsteady; but I crushed down the tremors that beset me, threw on my clothes, and opened the door of my room. Then I knew what the danger was. The pungent smoke, eddying down the corridor, the smell of burning wood, and a sound as of hissing snakes blended with the well-known crackling sound produced by dry timber in a blaze, gave form and substance to my vague fears. Then I felt my courage revive. Heathlands was on fire—there was no doubt of that. But if the old house could not be saved, there must be ample time to preserve every life, and perhaps much property. The first thing to do was to ascertain the extent of the mischief; the second would be to spread the alarm through the unconscious household. Led by the ominous sounds of crackling wood I hurried along the passage, the smoke growing thicker and half blinding me. My room was at the extremity of the east wing, at the end of a long passage, and the other doors belonged to rooms such as the Muniment Chamber, the so-called Oratory—which still retained its antique furniture, and was regarded as a curiosity—and two disused rooms, full of faded but costly upholstery, and which were known as "Lady Jane's parlors," in virtue of some obscure tradition. These two last rooms had their doors ajar, and were full of smoke, but I hardly heeded them, for now I was near enough to the central part of the rambling old house to see a great glow and glare of heat and light that proceeded from some of the chambers opening on the principal landing-place above the broad oak staircase, and where, as I knew, the Murrays and Alicia slept. I sprang forward with a cry of alarm. Yes, the fire was fiercest in that part. I saw the long tongues of ruddy flame go gliding along the dry wainscoting, licking the walls, climbing in spirals to the ceiling, hissing as it gave out volleys of suffocating smoke. Nor was I the only one aroused by the peril, for I heard the sound of distant and alarmed voices, and the clapping of a door, and a shrill cry.

Two, three, of the rooms on the left-hand side were pouring forth floods of smoke and flashes of light, mixed with clouds of sparks and scraps of half-consumed muslin or gauze. This was especially the case with the chamber nearest to the great window, from whose door a red glare, like that from a furnace-mouth, came angrily forth. But by what strange accident—ah! there it is at last!

"Fire! fire!"

The single dreadful word that scares the boldest, and that none can hear without emotion at the dead of the night. A dozen voices seemed at once to spread the alarm, and I, too, echoed it, although a glance at the broad staircase convinced me that the way of escape was open, and that the fire was confined to the upper part of the house. The chief seat of the conflagration was evidently the passage to the left, where the very beams and joists were burning, and where the fire raged in the three rooms I have mentioned—empty rooms, no doubt.

By this time the sleepers had been aroused, and Sir Thomas, his clever consort, who was the most courageous of the family, and supported the halting-steps of her crippled husband, Julia and Fanny Murray, the serving-men and women, were soon crowded on the oak staircase and the wide landing-place, hastily dressed in clothes tossed on under the spur of the sudden alarm, and vociferating questions, exclamations, suggestions. The fire was above, below, everywhere. It was the work of chance, of carelessness, of incendiaries; but no one ventured on a practical hint until the alarm-bell was heard clanging forth from its turret, sturdily tolled by old Job, the soldier-butler, though the storm almost outroared the clang of the bell. My eyes ranged hastily over the assemblage. There was one form missing; the dearest, the fairest.

"Alicia! where is she?"

And I called her name aloud. Lady Murray, very much moved, started, and wrung her hands with a gesture of dismay and grief, doubly terrible in that trained, impassive woman of the world.

"Alicia!" she cried. "Yes, this is *her* work. It is a judgment—a judgment on me. Yet I meant it for the best. Oh, Mr. Errington, that is her room—there, the blue room, at the end, where the fire—"

I did not hear the rest. Breaking fiercely from those who in kindness sought to stop me, I rushed through fire and smoke—through burning splinters and eddying vapor—on to the door of the room at the end which stood open. And there, in the very glow and reek of the hell that yawned within—in the midst of the fiery gulf which the room had become, I saw—I saw—

Here the dying man's voice sank into a husky whisper; and as the bearer sprang to support his head and put the cordial to his lips, there came a roar and a moan, and then a plashing sound of heavy rain,—rain of which we in Europe have no idea,—and the jungle trees bowed groaning, and the tents flapped, and the roaring deluge beat like shot upon the canvas; and the water bubbled through the purdah. The monsoon had begun. I dreaded its effect upon the sufferer; the recollections it might evoke, harmonising as it would with his own dark memories, might shake the hour-glass from which his last sands were falling, all too fast. His dulled ear, however, did not seem to hear the thunder of the tempest, for he seemed unconscious of the storm as he resumed, in a weaker voice:

I saw Alicia—my own dear and loved Alicia—my betrothed, my bride—standing before the great mirror, in that fatal room. She was dressed in her snow-white bridal array, as if for the altar. Over her shoulders flowed the long wedding veil, its dainty lace unfolded to the fullest length, and on her small queenly head was the orange-blossom wreath, lightly placed on the raven hair that set off so well the spotless purity of the flowers. She wore jewels, too, that glistened and flashed in the baleful light of the fire. She was like some virgin victim decked for the sacrifice of old. Her face was averted, but she saw me in the mirror, and turned, and fronted me with a smile.

But what a smile! I recoiled, horror-struck, while the poor girl waved and wreathed her white arms, bowing her flower-crowned head in greeting, then suddenly stretched out both her hands, crying with an eldritch laugh that froze my very marrow:—

"Say, have I not done it bravely! bravely! For the wedding! ha! ha! for the wedding! a fine—"

The last word I did not hear, for I had darted forward, resolved to save her—to save her in spite of herself. Poor thing! her incoherent ravings, her wild gestures, the terrible deed she, with all the cunning of a mad-woman, had done, left no doubt be-

blind. Still I loved her, and I sprang to save her. There was fire between us. She had piled up a barricade of light objects, and they, and the curtains of the bed, and the woodwork of the room, all blazed furiously. The floor had caught. There was a gulf of flame and smoke between Alicia and me; but the further end of the chamber was as yet free from fire, and I hoped to reach her and bear her out in my arms to life and safety.

The flames beat me back. I struggled hard, but pain and suffocation conquered, and I was driven back, mocked by Alicia's horrible vacant laugh, and I stumbled and fell, and should have died there, but for stout-hearted old Job and one of the farming men, who dragged me clear of the passage at no little risk to themselves. I did what I could. Indeed I tried to save her—see, Thursby, the deep scars on my arms, my neck, my breast, the dusky crimson stains of the burning. My clothes were on fire, my hair was on fire, when old Job tore me by main force from the spot.

I recollect lying on the stone floor of the great entrance hall, in the midst of noise and confusion. Men were flinging water on the flames, tearing down woodwork with axe and pole, shouting, handing up buckets, fighting the fire stoutly and well. I lay, helpless, while one of the Murray girls, ashen pale, in her white wrapper and loose hair, helped Job to hold up my wounded head—I had been badly bruised, how I know not—and Lady Murray knelt beside me and prayed that God might forgive her, and that I would forgive her, for having plotted and striven to bring about my marriage with a maniac. For it was all confessed now. Poor Alicia, with all her beauty, with her pure, good heart, had the lurking taint of hereditary insanity in her veins. Her aunt and guardian had wished her married—married and out of their own daughters' way whom her superior loveliness threw into shadow—that was the whole and truth. No doubt the experiment, on the success of which Lady Murray had planned herself, had failed, and Alicia, who had never loved me, but who was weak and used to obey, had succumb to a paroxysm of the dread mental malady, and the fire—

"A ladder! a ladder to the window of the west room. A hundred pounds to the man that helps me!"

I was strong then. I was on my feet, active, imperious, directing those about me. And very soon there was a ladder planted before the window of the fatal chamber, and I mounted, mounted steadily. The casement, broken by the heat, hung in shivers, and at it stood Alicia, waving her arms and singing, as it seemed, but showing no sign of fear. Her veil, her robe were on fire; the flames were closing around her, and suddenly she screamed and writhed like a lily scathed by fire; the cruel pain and anguish seemed to clear her clouded reason for a moment, and she called me by my name, and shrieked to me for help. Just then there was a crash—a dull, heavy crash; ceiling and wall came thundering down together, and as the side of the house opened outwards, the crouching figure with outstretched arms vanished in a yawning gulf of flame. As for me, the ladder was hurled down amid falling masonry and timber; a heavy beam crushed me down, and I lay senseless and with a broken collar-bone beneath the ruin.

Thursby, I have told all. The fire was got under at last, and the poor remains of her who was to have been my wife—of her who had been beautiful almost beyond woman's beauty—were recovered. But—they did not dare, in mercy, to let me see the coffined form of what had once been Alicia Morgan. I was slow in recovering health; I left the place as soon as I could travel. To Lady Murray I wrote my forgiveness—we are all great sinners! Heaven knows I pardoned her—but I could never again bear to look on any of them. I left my holiday regiment. Weary of life, and hoping for some stirring occupation that should lull memory, I sought an appointment in this branch of the service. My interest was powerful, and I obtained it. Thursby, as I live, I saw *her* last night; hist! man, come nearer, I see her *now*.

His wasted hand grasped my arm with a grip that was absolutely painful, and his staring eyes seemed bent on some object, real or fancied, on the opposite side of the tent. Then the grip relaxed, and with a little moan and a long drawn shiver, the poor fellow's head sunk back, and he stirred no more. I laid my hand on the heart. It was still. George Errington was dead, almost before his sad story was told.

SALE OF A WIFE.—Under an act of this state a man may sell his wife to another for a compensation, provided she be exposed in a market place, with a cord of fibrous material placed about her neck. We learn that a member of the 14th Iowa, whose wife lived near Davis' livery stable, undertook to sell her to one of Mr. Hull's subordinates for $25, and received $15 on account. The purchaser afterwards refused to pay the balance, and the case was taken before Colonel Shaw for adjustment. On being questioned, the buyer acknowledged the transaction, but said the woman was unsound, and, furthermore, a great scold. He finally agreed, however, to pay the $10 and return the woman. The bargain, we suppose, was not considered legal, as the terms of the law had not been complied with.—*Columbus (Ky.) War Eagle.*

NEWS ITEMS.

RICHARD CORDEN is the son of a small farmer, and was born in Dumford, June 8, 1804. When a lad, he was employed in a London warehouse, and during his spare hours educated himself. In the course of time he became a travelling agent for the firm, and finally, with two of his fellow-employes, engaged in the calico-printing business. He settled at Manchester, grew rich, and, through his abilities and wealth, influential.

GENERAL WITOWSKI, Mayor of Warsaw, recently issued six hundred invitations to "a ball of reconciliation." Only ninety accepted, including eleven Polish ladies, not one of whom knew how to dance; and, consequently, the Russian officers, for the want of better partners, were obliged to dance with each other.

IT is said that General Scott has nearly completed his autobiography, tracing his personal history downward from the earliest period to the latest public acts of his eminently useful and honorable life. The work will create a sensation when published.

THE King of the Belgians has strongly advised Princess Charlotte not to accompany her husband, the Archduke Maximilian, to Mexico, but to follow him when he has smoothed down the difficulties attendant on his taking possession of his empire.

ZADOCK PRATT, of Prattsville, N. Y., has perpetuated the memory of his brave son, Col George Pratt, by having his bust carved out of a huge rock near the public highway.

IT is said that the publication of the correspondence of the first Napoleon has been interrupted on account of the coarse, and, in some cases, indecent personalities which characterize the letters of his later years. He abuses everybody, and is especially bitter in his comments on his brothers, including, it is to be supposed, the reputed father of the present Emperor.

MRS. LINCOLN, at her last evening reception, was attired in a heavy white moire antique dress, festooned with narrow white silk ribbon, and wore a rich lace shawl thrown loosely over the shoulders, having upon her head a wreath of flowers. At a quarter to 11 o'clock the President entered the East Room, accompanied by Mrs. Frederick Seward, followed by Mrs. Lincoln, leaning upon the arm of Gen. Grant.

THE "Six Nations" held a council at Onondaga Castle, N. Y., last week, and elected a chief, Old Chief Webster having recently died.

IDAHO is an Indian word, signifying "The gem of the mountains."

THERE are ninety-five persons in Stamford, Vt., who are seventy-five years of age and upward.

MR. WYNFIELD, an English photographer, is said to excel all his compeers in his art. He does not require immobility in the sitter, but directs him to move slightly, so that "all the lines and boundaries of his form shall be modified and softened. The ugly features of a photographic likeness are, by these simple modifications, entirely removed."

THE Danish engineers have discovered an ingenious and simple contrivance for keeping their opponents exposed to a heavy fire, by a sort of invisible fence made of strong wire, supported at stated distances by timber posts inserted in the ground. It must take, at all events, some precious minutes to overcome this obstacle, during which the attacking troops would be open to a destructive fire without any shelter. The entrenchments at Duppel are surrounded by these formidable barriers.

NICKEL has become so high that the Mint will not be able much longer to turn out one hundred cents for a dollar. Government is considering the expediency of issuing two new coins, to be of bronze—one and two-cent pieces.

THE new planet (No. 70,) discovered by the American astronomer, Mr. Watson, on Sept 19, 1863, has received the name of Eurynome, a daughter of Oceanus and Thetis, and, according to Hesiod, the mother of the Graces, by Zeus.

"THE Immortal Six Hundred of Balaklava," have enlisted in such numbers in the Union armies, that the Providence Journal thinks at least a thousand out of the six hundred must have survived and come to this country.

THE work of raising and removing the remains of our brave soldier dead who fell at Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, and Lookout, and interring them in the "Chattanooga United States Cemetery," has commenced.

DURING a recent attack of guerillas on a Mississippi river steamer, a colonel on board hid himself in a closet until after the danger was over, when he was as brave as a lion. He will probably be court-martialed.

A NEW WILD BEAST IN THE BOISE RIVER REGION.—The Boise (Bannock City, I. T.,) News of the 16th January remarks:

Those who have read the narrative of Adams, the California bear hunter, will remember that he gives an account of having seen in a region north of Salt Lake City, an animal of the lion species, being somewhat larger than the California lion, and different from it in appearance, inasmuch as the northern animal was spotted in black and white like the Bengal tiger. His book is illustrated with a plate representing the new species. We are now assured that settlers have seen an animal corresponding with the grizzly bear hunter's description, in the hills contiguous to the Weiser and Fayette valleys. It is thought that ere long the public will be satisfied that Adams's account was not mythical, as old hunters are on the track, each eager to be the first to make a capture.

☞ A wreath of flowers which was laid upon a coffin buried in the cemetery at Gloucester, Mass., eight years ago, was recently disinterred and found in a remarkable state of preservation. The stems of the flowers were found to be green, and had sprouted to a considerable size. They have been carefully planted, and are now in a thriving condition, with the prospect of making healthy plants.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from $9 to 15 ₩ 100 lbs. 150 Cows brought from $30 to 55 ₩ head. 4500 Sheep were sold at from 8 to 8½ cents ₩ lb. 2300 Hogs at from $10 to 12 ₩ 100 lbs.

DOWN LOW.

Ye that are down low with disease, whose bodies are covered with Sores, Ulcers, Nodes, with swollen Glands and Joints, with Salt Rheum, Skin Eruptions, who are banished from the companionship of the beautiful and healthy, who are debarred the joys and pleasures of life—rejoice—for a cure is offered you, in

DR. RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT,

that will rid you of your disease, and restore you to health and the society of your friends.

If afflicted with Scrofulous, Chronic Diseases, Syphilis, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Skin Eruptions, White Swellings, Rickets, Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, St. Vitus' Dance, King's Evil, Blotches, Pimples, Tetter, use Radway's Renovating Resolvent, this remedy will cure you. Price $1 per bottle.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

"Your TROCHES are too well and favorably known to need commendation."
HON. CHAS. A. PHELPS, Pres. Mass. Senate.

"My communication with the world has been very much enlarged by the Lozenge which I now carry always in my pocket; that troubie in my Throat (for which the TROCHES are a specific) having made me often a mere whisperer." N. P. WILLIS.

CERTIFICATE—GRAY HAIR RESTORED WITHOUT DYEING—BALDNESS PREVENTED.

London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," three bottles of which restored my hair, which was very gray, to its original dark color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that this preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Mr. Garrigues, druggist, Tenth and Coates, who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced its use. MRS. MILLER.
730 North Ninth street, Philadelphia.

It is not a Dye, and is the only known restorer of color and perfect hair dressing combined, being entirely different from any article ever introduced to an American public. Price 50 cents; six bottles, $2,50. Sold by Doctor B. WAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address.
mar26-eow

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Market dull, and only some 10,000 bbls Flour found buyers, in lots, at $5,75 to $6 for superfine, the latter for standard brands; $6,50@7 for common and selected extras, $7@7,75 for fair to choice extra family, and high grade family and fancy brands at $8 to $9 ₩ bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour meets with a limited demand at $6@6,25 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal—No sales have come under our notice to alter prices.

GRAIN comes in slowly—and for Wheat prices are lower. The sales reach about 35,000 bus, chiefly reds, and 134 to 163c for common to prime Pennsylvania, including some choice amber and Southern red at 165, and white at 170 to 190c, the latter for Kentucky, prime Pennsylvania red at 160c. Rye is lower, and selling at 126@128. Corn—some 60,000 bus, chiefly yellow, have been disposed of at 115@117c. Oats—sales comprise about 25,000 bus at 80@81c for light and heavy Pennsylvania. Barley and Malt remain inactive. Of Mill Feed some considerable sales are reported at $36 ₩ ton for Ship Stuff.

PROVISIONS—The supplies of the hog product are coming in more freely, with a limited demand for barrelled meats at $21,50@22,50 for old mess Pork, and $22@23,50 for new, the latter for heavy. Prime is very scarce, and quoted at $19@20. Beef Hams are firm at $31,50@32, and Mess Beef steady at $11@17 ₩ bbl for country and city packed. Bacon moves off as wanted at 14@16c for plain and fancy Hams, and 11@11½c for Shoulders. Of green meats sales of Pickled Hams are reported at 13½@14c, Sides at 10½@11c, and Shoulders in salt at 9½@9¾c ₩ lb. Lard is less active, and quoted at 14c for prime tierce, and 16@16½c for kegs, which are scarce, with sales of 500 pkgs of the former. Butter is also scarce, and held higher, prices ranging at 26@35c for good and choice Pennsylvania and Ohio, and 35@40c for New York State, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is better, prices ranging at 16@19c for common and choice dairies. Eggs are selling at 38c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been unsettled. The sales reach about 900 bales, taken in small lots, at 55 to 65c for pickings, and 70 to 80c for ordinary to middling and good middling quality.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron is limited at $37 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark continues high.

BEESWAX brings 54@55c ₩ lb.

COAL—There is more demand for shipment, and prices range at $6¼ to $7 ₩ ton, on board, at Richmond.

COFFEE—The receipts and stocks continue very light; a few small sales at 36@37½c for Rio; 36@37c for Laguayra, and 33½@34½c for Cape, cash and time.

COPPER—For Yellow Metal prices have advanced to 38c for Sheets, and 40c, on time, for Bolts and Nails.

FEATHERS—Good Western are quoted at 65@68c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—We note sales of Green Apples at $1¼@3¼ ₩ bbl, as to condition, and Dried do at 8½@9½c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches are scarce.

HAY is in demand at $25@27 ₩ ton.

HEMP—The market is very firm.

HOPS move off as wanted at 25@33c for good and choice lots.

IRON—The demand for all kinds is active; sales of Pig Metal at $48@50 for the three numbers of Anthracite, and the best Charcoal Blooms at $130, cash; Scotch Pig is scarce; for Manufactured Iron the demand is large.

LEAD continues scarce, and Galena is held at $13 the 100 lbs.

LUMBER—The receipts and stocks continue very light, with sales of White Pine Boards at $32@33, and Lehigh Hemlock do at $24.

MOLASSES—The market is more active, with sales of about 1000 hhds Cuba at 56@57c for clayed, and 66@68c for Muscovado, on time.

PLASTER—There is very little offering, and soft is wanted at $5,75@6 ₩ ton.

RICE—The market is quiet but firm at 8¼@9c ₩ lb for Rangoon.

SEEDS—The market is unsettled and lower, with sales and re-sales of 4000 bushels Clover at $7@8 ₩ bushel. Of Timothy, sales are reported at $3@3,25 ₩ bushel, and Flaxseed at $2,25@2,30 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firmer and on the advance. N. E. Rum is quoted at $1,07@1,10; for Whiskey the demand continues limited, and the sales moderate at 92@95c for Penn's and Western bbls the latter for choice pkgs, and drudge at 90@91c.

SUGAR—The market is very firm. Sales of 1400 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 13¾@14¼c, on the usual terms.

TALLOW is selling at 12@12¼c for city rendered.

WOOL—There is very little doing in this staple. A few small sales are reported at prices within the range of 75 to 80c for low to medium and fine fleece and tub.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th of Feb., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. LOUIS N. ROGERS, to Miss FANNIE M. CRESS, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. GEORGE O. STRETCH, to Miss LIZZIE M. WALL, both of this city.

On the 10th of March, 1864, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM LATHAM to Mrs. MARIA DAVENPORT, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. JAMES P. R. MCLEER, to Miss MINERVA C. LEIDY, both of Manayunk.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Wm. T. EVE, Mr. ROLLIN M. BRAITHWAITE, to Miss AMELIA PETRY, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, WILLIAM CALLEN, to AMELIA SHAW, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. GEORGE H. SMITH, to Miss MARION L. WYLIE, both of Norristown.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Chapel Spring Hospital, Fort Saratoga, D. C., on the 4th instant, FREDERICK W. FICKARDT, aged 20 years; and on the 9th instant, his brother, AUGUSTUS R. FICKARDT, aged 18 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. ANNA C., relict of the late Lewis Audenried, in her 88th year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. FRANCES ALLISON, widow of the late Dr. N. S. Allison, aged 73 years.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. MARY A. J. PETERS, aged 30 years.

On the 14th instant, JOHN EDWARDS, in his 75th year.

On the 13th instant, J. LORING PEIRCE, M. D., aged 34 years.

On the 13th instant, Mr. THOMAS FAULKNER, in his 60th year.

On the 12th instant, JACOB HOFFNER, Sr., in his 60th year.

On the 12th instant, Capt. CHARLES STUBBS, in his 54th year.

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Designed to furnish brief directions for the Cultivation of Vegetables, Flowers and Fruit, with select lists of Seeds and Plants, will be mailed to all who will enclose a postage stamp to my address. HENRY A. DREER,
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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemens' hair. nov6-cowly

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The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.
This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder.
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WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
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WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.
WM. RALTSON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market. HIRAM WRIGHT,
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Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.
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Wit and Humor.

MISTAKES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

Some singular and amusing mistakes sometimes occur in connection with telegraphing, in consequence of the misreading of a word or letter, the signal for some words being very similar, that is, the movement of the needles to indicate one word are very like those which indicate another meaning. A household in the country were rather surprised at receiving a message from the lord and master, to the effect that he wanted his wig to be at the station by four o'clock P. M. As the gentleman had a very excellent crop of natural hair, of course the family were somewhat perplexed. For "wig" read "wife," and the message was intelligible. A gentleman telegraphed to his friend to the following effect:—"I want you to get me this evening, at any place you may appoint." For "get" read "meet." A cautious spouse sent a message to his wife, who received the following:—'I am going to bring some hog home for dinner to-night—be ready." The wife, probably expecting a large piece of pork, did not prepare much for dinner, and is consequently very much surprised when her husband returns and brings with him an old friend, who is very unlike a "hog." The word hog and one were unluckily very much alike, and were mistaken one for the other. "Bring some one home for dinner" was very intelligible.

Occasionally, when the wires are very close together, the rain will bring them in contact; then the messages which ought to go in one direction will run away with the words and deliver them in quite another place. Thus, a short time ago, some large tea agents were much puzzled by receiving perpetual inquiries about cargoes of beef. "How about the beef?" was the oft repeated question. Some shipping agents, whose private wires ran down the same line, were equally puzzled by having repeated demands for another chest of unmixed tea. It was very shortly found that the wires had been brought into contact by wind and rain, and thus the message for one firm had flown off at a tangent, and had made its way in a wrong direction.

KILLING A HERO.

Washoe, California, is full of editors and old newspaper men. Every day the editor of the Enterprise is astonished at hearing some stock-broker, merchant, mule-driver, cook or wood-sawyer, whom he had never suspected, plead guilty of having wielded the sword-subduing weapon. "Yesterday," says the Enterprise, of a recent date, "a trader in feet said in conversation on literary matters:—'Well, I once run a paper myself. It was in a small village in California. I was editor, book-keeper, collector and roller-boy. This was well enough, but I turned story-writer—I thought I must have a long story, running through the various numbers of my paper. I got along very well for several weeks. My hero is a splendid fellow—a regular love of a hero. He was to be killed. From the first he was doomed to death. But how to kill him now became the plague of my life. The story was getting outrageously long. Every week I said, "Now, I will kill him!" and the next week found him alive and more of a hero than ever. Never was there a hero possessed of such vitality. I once took him all the way down to Mexico, got him into a deep, dark canon—I was now determined to kill. But, blame the fellow! he was always finding out some new and glorious adventure, and I hadn't the heart to kill him till it was finished. He got out of the canon alive, and shone a hero more brilliant than before. All the trouble of getting him into the canon was lost, and I had to take him to some new place to kill him. I gave up nearly everything else and devoted my whole time to planning the death of my hero. In spite of the importunities of creditors, I pursued him, week after week, with murderous intent, yet he was such a splendid fellow that I couldn't kill him. I never would have been able to give him the death stab, had not the paper busted up; then, in the last number, in a fit of desperation, and at a most unsuitable time, I laid him stiff and cold in a single paragraph.'"

A FRIEND in the 107th New York Volunteers sends us the following:—

On the Antietam campaign of 1862 Gen. Gordon commanded our brigade. Now the general was a strict disciplinarian, who would never have any words with a private; and hence a joke. While on the march one of the 107th got ahead of the brigade, when the general halted him and ordered him back. The soldier stopped, turned around, stared at General G. with a bold, saucy look, and replied—

"Who are you?"

"I am Gen. Gordon, commanding Third Brigade."

"Ah, general, I am very happy to make your acquaintance!" was the complacent answer; and the soldier proceeded on his way, encouraged by a roar of laughter from the general's staff.

☞ A ladies shoemaker advertises himself boldly, as one of "the sole her system!"

AN AFRICAN PRINCESS.

From the "Narrative of a Tour" in Africa, by W. Winwood Reade, Fellow of the London Geographical Society, recently published in London, we take the following amusing account of an African beauty and princess:—

Mr. Reade, in his journey up the Fernand Vaz, a river about two hundred miles south of the Gaboon, into the Camma country, was hospitably received by Quenqueza, the King of the Rembo, at his capital called Ngumbi, and here he fell in love with the sable princess. He says:

As I was seated in my house, the door opened, and a beautiful girl entered, accompanied by Oshupu. She was tall and finely moulded, her hands and feet exquisitely small, her complexion of that deep, warm, bronze color which is as different from the animal blackness of the coast negro as it is from the sickly yellow of the Hindoos. Her eyes were large, and filled with a soft and melancholy expression. She came gracefully towards me, and, holding out her hand, murmured in a soft voice, "*M'bolo.*"

This young lady was an emblem of hospitality. She told me, through Oshupu, that the king, her father, had ordered her to attend upon me in person, (for that is the highest honor that can be paid to a guest,) and, having asked me if I was pleased with the arrangements of the house, she smiled and went out.

We spent hours every day in each other's company. At first she was full of timidity, for she had never seen a white man before; but this she disguised, lest she should hurt my feelings, and I could read it only in her fluttering eyes and in her poor little heart, which used to throb so loudly when we were alone.

It is impossible to imagine a more delicious study than this pretty savage afforded me. I found her as chaste, as coquettish, and as full of innocent mischief as a girl of sixteen would have been in England. In a little while I found myself becoming fond of her.

At daybreak every morning she presented me with a cup of tea, which Oshupu had taught her to make, and with cakes made of ground-nuts and plantains pounded together. When I came back from the forest, worn out and dispirited, Ananga was there to receive me, and to bathe my wearied feet. She would bring me my dinner, which she had cooked with her own hands, like the daughters of the ancient patriarchs. She would stand by me all the while, for she would let no one wait on me but her; and, by devouring me with her looks, would anticipate all my wants.

There is a proverb concerning love which applies to Africa as well as to Europe. Its course no more ran smooth on the Fernand Vaz than on the Thames or the Seine. The enterprising traveller and the timid princess had no language in common save that of the eyes, and that soon became monotonous; Ananga could not understand, too, why her admirer should wear clothes; she insisted upon less luxuriance in such encumbrances. All day long, too, she would dive her hands into his pockets, and then horror of horrors, she would smoke in her lover's presence! Notwithstanding these little drawbacks, matters went on cheerfully enough:

Our evenings were spent in festivity. When the moon, that great silver globe-light, was suspended in the sky, the young people met in the centre of the town to dance and sing. They would range themselves in two lines, the men opposite the women. They would advance and retire like long undulating waves, singing in turn, and clapping their hands in time. These songs were sometimes witty, but almost always impossible to translate—exceeding in grossness all that I have heard among gipsies in the country, thieves in Whitechapel, or costermongers in the New Cut.

But, one evening, I discovered a new and an innocent pleasure—one which you, in your wretched Europe, can never hope to enjoy.

To bestow a kiss upon lips which tremble with love for the first time, is certainly an epoch in a man's existence. Then, imagine what it must be to kiss one who has never conceived the possibility of such a thing, who has never dreamt that human lips could be applied to such a purpose!

I will own, however, that the romance was preceded by a touch of the ridiculous. Ananga and I were seated side by side on the threshold of my house. The sun had sunk into an ocean of foliage; the earth, released from its burning rays, exhaled her sweetest scents and songs. The blue river glided softly by, and kissed the palm-trees' fringed and drooping leaves. The parrots flew whistling round the town, and perched on the neighboring trees to roost. As it grew darker and darker, fires, one by one, blazed on the earth, stars in the sky, fire-flies in the air.

From a distant cottage came the voice of a young girl, and the tinkling of the harp with which her lover accompanied her song.

It was one of those moments in which the heart rises to the lips, and makes them do all kinds of silly things. I kissed Ananga, the daughter of the king.

She gave a shriek, and bounded from the house like a frightened fawn. This mode of salutation is utterly unknown in Western Africa. She knew that the serpent moistens its victim with its lips before it begins its repast. All the tales of white cannibals which she had heard from her infancy had returned to her. The poor child had thought that I was going to dine off her, and she had run for her life.

I will not tell you how Oshupu brought her back, panting and trembling, and her cheeks wet with tears; how I explained to her that this was only a fashion of my country, and how she offered her pouting lips (slightly shuddering) in atonement of her folly. But I do think, and I will always maintain, that though the negro intellect is not yet in a fit state to grasp the doctrinal mysteries of our Church, yet a mission for the diffusion of this Christian practice among a benighted people would meet with eminent success, and would make innumerable female converts.

It was only when Mr. Reade wished to leave the country, after an unsuccessful attempt to see or shoot a gorilla—for which want of success, a gorilla dance, performed by natives, is, however, brought forward as a compensation—that the king and princess came forth in their true characters. The mask fell from the face of the latter on that occasion as follows:

That night, wishing for a little conversation, I sent for Mafuk. Ananga and I sat on the mat, side by side. Mafuk perched himself on a stool in a dark corner, so that his voice alone might obtrude upon us. A torch was stuck in the ground before us. Sometimes its gleams were so feeble that I could not see her form, as black as the night; then only her bright eyes, her shining teeth, and her brass ornaments gleamed upon me. At other times the torch burned well enough, and made the whole room as light as day.

I had spent a little fortune in trade-goods upon my princess. From her neck fell a cluster of beads, which I had hung there with my own hands. Round her waist, arranged in elegant folds, she wore her best dress—two fathoms of satin-stripe cloth. How well I remembered the day on which I had given it to her! She had immediately begun to hem it with some fine plantain fibre—which makes good thread except that it is brittle—and a needle made from a small fish-bone. There she had stayed all the day, and would scarcely speak to me till it was finished. And when it *was* finished, how her eyes sparkled as she put it on! how she tossed her little head, and turned her coquettish eyes upon it, and received with a proud smile the envious looks of the king's wives!

"Mafuk," said I, "tell Ananga that I am going away to-morrow."

Ananga gave a pert smile when this was translated to her, as much as to say, "If my father lets you." But she answered:

"When you go away I shall be sorry."

"And why will you be sorry?"

"Because I love you very much."

"Do you love me better than your own people?"

"Yes."

"Would you like to come with me to my country?"

Ananga sighed. "I am a bundle," she answered; "if my father tells you to take me, I am taken; if my father tells you to leave me, I am left. Man is the master."

This recognition of our superiority came with double grace from her lips, since, to tell the truth, she had rather tyrannised over me lately. I was in the habit of treating her as a lady, while hitherto she had been only treated as a slave. But I regret to say that this kindness on my part had appeared to lessen her affection for me, and to develope her self-esteem.

I felt a fatal curiosity to know why it was that Ananga loved me better than the people of her own race. I burned to hear the artless confession of this child of nature; to fathom the thought-secrets of her young soul. From the tender and untrained mind, thought I, of this guileless girl, I shall hear, for the first time, the unsophisticated language of the heart; having wandered through our social desert of withered passions and spurious affection, I can now refresh myself with a draught at the sweet fountain of purity and candor.

"Why do you love me better than black men, Ananga?"

She hesitated to answer. At last she said faintly, that she loved me better than them; she could not tell why. But I made her fond of me: perhaps it was some fetich which I had given her. She was only a poor black girl; how was she to know all the arts of a great white man?

Ah! thought I, not without a little self-complacency, love is indeed a fetich, which no philosopher can define, and which may be concealed in a look, in a smile, in a word; which——

Ananga's musical laugh interrupted my meditations. She was chattering something to Mafuk with vast noise and volubility.

Now savages cannot speak without a pantomime of eyes and hands, which often renders language superfluous. Ananga was touching her beads and cloth, glancing at me, and laughing immoderately.

"What is she saying, Mafuk?" said I.

My grave tone warned Ananga. She said something in a low, quick tone to Mafuk. But as she put her fingers on her lips at the same time, I easily guessed the meaning of her words.

"She is asking you not to tell me, Mafuk; but I am your master; do what I order you."

Mafuk, alarmed by my apparent knowledge of Mpongwe, and by my imperious tone, confessed what Ananga had just said; viz:—that she thought a white face very ugly; that having her face rubbed with a man's lips was very improper, and not nice at all; and, finally, that she only liked me because I had a fine canoe and because I had given her plenty of beads and servants, and some fine satin-stripe cloth.

This was not flattering, so Mr. Reade became resolute on effecting his start; and he actually carried it out against the king's wishes, so much so that the negro monarch whether he thought that matters had not been brought to the happy conclusion which he had meditated, or whether he fancied that he and his daughter had been left in the lurch, it does not clearly appear, but certain it is that he followed Mr. Reade in his war-canoe, and brought him back a humble prisoner till he was released by an opposition tribe of Makagas. Once more he started, followed, however, down the river by Quenqueza, whose entreaties were backed by Ananga's voice, "melodious and enticing as those of the ancient sirens," as she softly sang to him to return. But it was in vain; Mr. Reade closed his heart to Ethiopian seductions, persevered on his way, and found himself a free man.

☞ PROCRASTINATION.—A Greek poet, when he seeks to point out the evil of delay, observes:—The rose is but a brief time in bloom; dost thou delay?—there seeking thou shalt find not a rose, but a thorn.

ANECDOTE OF THE FROST.

SLY GENTLEMAN (pretending to look at exposed thermometer).—"Quite thirty, by Jove!"

YOUNG LADY COUSIN (who has stopped by the most perfect accident).—"I'm nothing of the kind, sir; and the idea of your pretending not to see me."

Agricultural.

SMALL vs. LARGE ANIMALS.

Mr. C. N. Bement, of Poughkeepsie, New York, writes to the Stock Journal:—"Of late years, since breeders began to calculate with more precision, small or moderate-sized animals have been generally preferred for the following reasons:—Small sized animals are more easily kept, they thrive on shorter herbage, they collect food where a larger animal could hardly exist, and hence are more profitable. The meat is finer grained, produces richer gravy, has often a superior flavor, and is commonly more nicely marbled, or veined with fat, especially when they have been fed for two years. Large animals are not so well calculated for general consumption as the medium or moderate sized, particularly in hot weather; large animals poach pastures more than small ones; they are not so active, require more rest, collect their food with more labor, and will only consume the nicer and more delicate sorts of plants. Small cows of the true dairy breeds give more milk proportionally than large ones. Small cattle may be fattened solely on grass of even moderate quality; whereas the large require the richest pastures, or to be stall-fed, the expenses of which exhausts the profit of the farmer. It is much easier to procure well-shaped and kindly-feeding stock of a small size than of a large one. Small sized cattle may be kept by many persons who cannot afford either to purchase or to maintain large ones, and by whom the loss, if any accident should happen to them, can be more easily borne. The small sized sell better; for a butcher, from a conviction that in proportion to their respective dimensions, there is a greater superficies of valuable parts in a small than a large animal, will give more money for two oxen of one hundred and fifty pounds per quarter, than for one of three hundred pounds."

FERN STANDS.

In these plants of various kinds are grown under glass shades, with little or no watering. This principle was discovered in 1829, by Mr. W. B. Ward, a surgeon residing in St. George's-in-the-East, and a very distinguished botanist, and was first applied to ferns only. After many experiments, however, Mr. Ward found that, with the same precautions, namely, those of providing suitable soil, and preserving them from dust and soot, by means of the glass shade or closed cases, a large number of flowering plants might likewise be cultivated. In his house was frequently to be seen a numerous display of tastefully-constructed cases, in which perfect flower-gardens were flourishing, giving no trouble in their culture, and delighting the eye by the brilliant colors and graceful forms of their produce, even in the very heart of a crowded metropolis. These Wardian cases have, from their earliest discovery, been used to convey seeds and plants from and to various parts of the globe, affording perfect security against the influence of the salt atmosphere in crossing the ocean. Tufa, mixed with the rock-work, will certainly be found advantageous to the plants, as it assists the drainage, and cocoa-nut fibre amongst the mould is also beneficial. If not placed in the sun, the plants, when under a glass shade, require but little attention, and very rarely any watering.

WASH FOR FRUIT TREES.

Among our farm hints for March, we recommended a moderate scraping of orchard trees, and then washing them with a solution of soft soap. We have seen so many and such positive instances of the good effect of such treatment, that we feel justified in urging it upon the attention of all who have the care of orchards. Ordinary soft soap, from a soapboiler's may usually be applied full strength, without fear of injury; but it is safer to reduce about one-half, with water.

Potash dissolved in water, is also good. One pound of potash to four gallons of water, for old trees, is as strong as it is safe to apply. This will kill the "scales," moss, and all worms and insects with which it comes in contact. For young trees, it is better to use a weaker solution—say one-third to one-half as strong.

The best time to apply soap washes, is just before the sap starts in the spring. Farmers, try it.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

A HINT TO FARMERS.—There are three things easily raised and harvested, for which the farmers may depend upon it there will be an enormous demand, and nigh prices paid during the war. We refer to potatoes, beans and onions. The farmers could not do a better thing for themselves and their country than to plant these vegetables very extensively.

TO PREVENT A HORSE FROM PULLING AT THE HALTER.—Tie a rope around the neck, put it through a hole in the edge of the manger, and tie it around the fore leg below the knee, and when the horse pulls, the rope will slip through the hole and pull up the fore leg, and he will soon give it up.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 46, 10, 39, 34, 1, 25, 30, 37, 26, was a party which separated from the Quakers in Pennsylvania in the year 1691.

My 5, 18, 27, 3, 9, 31, 11, 29, 15, was a sect in the reign of the Emperor Anastasius about the year 494.

My 17, 49, 14, 20, 30, 33, 7, 19, was a sect of wild fanatics who chastised and disciplined themselves with whips in public. It had its rise in Italy in the year 1260.

My 3, 7, 14, 39, 33, 19, was a society of ministers with some others chosen by Cromwell to sit at Whitehall.

My 53, 52, 45, 28, 50, is the name of the Pope's triple crown.

My 36, 27, 50, 20, 42, 47, is the Greek word signifying love.

My 31, 4, 10, 16, 20, 12, 53, 9, 39, 37, 24, 13, 33, 16, 20, 25, 19, 40, 19, was a sect of Deists who in 1796 published in Paris a sort of catechism or directory for social worship.

My 48, 53, 43, 8, 15, was an ancient king.

My 44, 38, 54, 30, 52, 21, 7, 42, was an ancient city.

My 51, 25, 21, 9, 14, is one of the countries of South America.

My whole is an old proverb.

Pittsburg, Pa. GEO. IRWIN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is an animal.
My 2d a suffix.
My 3d a support.
My whole is an insect. C. J. Y.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is part of a lady's dress.
My 2d is used to keep thieves in duress.
My whole is a tree as will be seen,
That when alive is ever green.

Union Hill, Iowa. W. A. P.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in apple but not in fruit.
My 2d is in sue but not in suit.
My 3d is in wear but not in wore.
My 4th is in beach but not in shore.
My 5th is in timber but not in wood.
My whole is lovely, pure and good.

Union Hill, Iowa. W. A. P.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man divided 100 acres of land between his two sons in such a manner that each of them had $50 worth of land, and one of them paid 25 cents per acre more than the other. Required the number of acres each had?

Clark Co., Iowa. GILL BATES.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perimeter of an isosceles triangle is 126 feet. In this triangle there is laid off a rectangle, with its length along the base of the triangle, the shorter sides of which are 12 feet each, and the area thereof is 24-49 of the area of the whole triangle. Required—the sides of the triangle? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What woman is mentioned in the Scriptures before Eve? Ans.—Jenny Sins.

☞ What man is mentioned before Adam? Ans.—Chap 1st.

☞ Why is a rifleman, of necessity, a rapid shot? Ans.—Because he is a sharp shooter.

☞ When may a man be said to have put his foot in it? Ans.—When he has drawn his stocking on.

☞ What is the difference between a sitting of the United States Congress and the rebellion of the Southern states? Ans.—One is a session, the other a secession.

☞ Why is a story-writer the most peculiar of animals? Ans.—Because his tale comes out of his head.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA—Major-General George G. Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac. CHARADE—Abraham (A-bray-ham.) RIDDLE—"Home is where the heart is."

Answer to PROBLEM, by S. G. Cagroin, published Feb. 6th—30 feet. Walter Severly, Reuben Barto, Gill Bates, and Author.

Answer to R. Barto's PROBLEM, published same date. Distance between the points 3.333 rods, 13.439 rods, and 20.439 rods. J. B., Central High School, Baltimore, and R. Barto. Mr. B. says—The points are not in a straight line as he stated in the Problem.—*Ed. Riddler.*

☞ The Figaro-Programme publishes the following curious details:—"Alexander Dumas, the novelist, is no longer paid by the line, but by the letter. Yes! the *San Felice*, which is now being published, is paid for at the rate of a centime a letter. We can guarantee the exactitude of this fact."

☞ French advertisements are a little peculiar, for example: "A young lady, aged twenty-five years, with a very strong beard, which will attract the curious, wishes to become a domestic in a cafe. Address, etc."